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JANUARY • 15¢

HAVE HOLLYWOOD

Lana Turner

GLAMOUR – 100 Star Secrets

in this issue

special!

HOLLYWOOD HAIR DYES

see

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Joan Evans
Pat Neal
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amazing
and after
pictures

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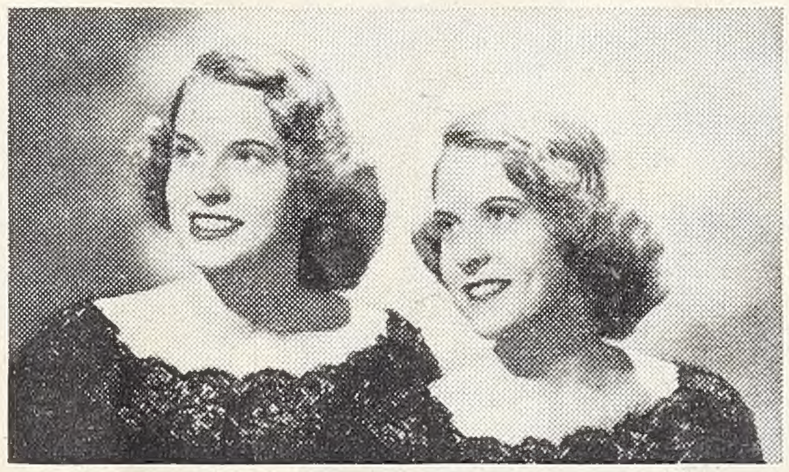

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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 38 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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Cal York News Edited by **Jerry Asher**

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A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

your problems answered

by **CLAUDETTE COLBERT**

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Claudette Colbert of "Bonaventure"

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am forty-five and I have been a widow since I was twenty-seven. I had been married only fourteen months when my husband was killed in a hunting accident. Because he came from a very wealthy family (he was an only child), I came into a comfortable sum of money.

During the World War II years I was active in canteen work. I met a young major ten years my junior and came to enjoy his company very much although ours was entirely a friendly, not a romantic relationship. He was married at the time—one of those wartime cases of spontaneous combustion—but I wrote to him, casually, all during the war. Until a year ago we maintained a twice-a-year and Christmas-card association, but just after Christmas, 1949, this man came to our city in hopes of establishing himself as a writer.

He is doing well, has made a few sales, but now his money is gone. He has asked me to marry him. He says he needs the protection of a home and the freedom from worry that my income would give him; he is quite frank about it. However, he adds that he cares for me deeply, that he isn't a cad and does not intend to take advantage of my generosity. He believes he will be able to assume the expenses of our household within three to five years.

Although I love this man intensely, all my conservative New England training tells me that the problems in such a marriage are insurmountable. Do you think I might have a chance for happiness?

Agnes L.

You might have a chance for great happiness. It seems to me that both you and the man in the case are intellectuals, and usually relationships between such persons depend less upon the calendar than upon mental and spiritual factors.

However, I would be remiss if I did not call one fact to your attention: Divorce statistics indicate that the greatest cause of marital difficulty is disagreement over finances. Long before your marriage, you should discuss your situation with an attorney, fully and frankly. He would be able, after such a discussion, to set up legal means of protecting you, and at the same time to work out a dignified method for supplying your husband with funds.

Don't postpone or neglect such action because of embarrassment. A glance at almost any metropolitan daily paper will show you that the wise woman is she who protects herself in advance.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fifteen and I have two brothers aged eighteen and sixteen. Our father died when we were very small so we had to move in with my grandfather, grandmother and our unmarried aunt.

My problem is my aunt. Mother is so tired when she comes home from work she lets my aunt decide what we children may do, where we are allowed to go, and what time we should be at home. This causes us to miss a lot of fun because she is jealous of the good times we have. She is bitter about life and is always saying that she wasn't allowed to do certain things, wear certain things, etc.

Once, very politely, I told her she was sour because she had never been able to get a beau, and asked her to leave us alone. She ran to my mother and told her, but she tossed in about five hundred lies, too

This aunt is always ridiculing me, saying I'm an obnoxious brat, that I'm homely (the boys don't think so), and that in time to come I'll find out how insignificant I really am in this world.

I hate her so much that I've often thought of killing her. I know that is a horrible thing to say, but that is honestly the way I feel about her.

Clelia P.

You are exceptionally young to be confronted by one of the most difficult problems which any human being of any age ever has to face—that of getting along with a thoroughly embittered individual.

Don't ever forget this: Misery, if not faced and conquered, makes people mean. Undoubtedly you were right in your assumption that your aunt's bitterness has been caused by her failure to marry, but when you charged her with this sorrow it was like pouring salt on an open wound.

If you knew the full story of your aunt's life, it might be more poignant to you than the most enthralling movie you have ever seen.

If your aunt were blind, you would understand her falling down occasionally, her inability to do some things for herself, and her resentment of this handicap; if she were lame, you wouldn't expect her to play tennis. In a way, your aunt carries a more serious wound; it just doesn't happen to show. Furthermore, she is given no sympathy. The world ridicules a woman who—sometimes for a noble and self-sacrificing reason—has never taken a mate. She is entitled to affection from her family to substitute for the devotion of a mate.

If you will look upon your aunt and treat her as if she had a right to your love and consideration, you may be surprised at the change in her behavior.

Incidentally, I know you were overdramatizing yourself when you said you thought of killing your aunt, but don't ever think of such a thing, and don't say it. It isn't becoming to you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen years of age and have been going steady with the same boy for two years. This boy is twenty and has been called to active service.

Both of us want to get married before he has to go to war, but my parents are opposed. You see, my older sister ran away and got married during the last war, came home and had her baby, then lost her husband in the Battle of the Bulge. She has been working all these years, and my mother has taken care of her child.

Mother says she can't face the same experience again, which is silly. My case would be different. I think she and my father are selfish; even my sister, who should know better, agrees with my parents.

Don't you think we have the right to a little happiness before my fiance goes away? Suppose he should be killed! I should die of grief to think we had never been married.

Sandra B.

A wartime problem should be interpreted as much as possible on a peacetime basis. You know, from reading this column (I hope) that I do not believe in extremely young marriages. In most situations, I believe that a girl of seventeen is not quite ready to assume the heavy responsibility and to practice the self-sacrifice required of individuals who plan to build a permanent union.

Too often a wartime marriage is a romanticized social engagement, much like a series of high school dates, careless of the future. In the case of your sister, your mother has had to assume the responsibility of the child of the war marriage. Much as she may have loved the task, she should not have been burdened in this way.

Until a girl is twenty-one and capable of earning her own living, as well as being able to provide for a possible child of a wartime marriage, she would do well to heed the advice of her parents.

Claudette Colbert

. . . . . .

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

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"HIGH ON THE LIST"
"AND YOU'LL BE HOME"
"WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY"
"WASN'T I THERE"
"MILADY"
"ONCE MORE THE BLUE AND WHITE"
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Lyrics by Johnny Burke

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Written for the Screen by Arthur Sheekman
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Brief Reviews

✓½ (F) *ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN THE FOREIGN LEGION*—U-I: Bud and Lou, a couple of Brooklyn wrestling promoters, are railroaded into joining the French Foreign Legion. Fun if you like the zany comics. (Oct.)

✓✓✓ (A) *ALL ABOUT EVE*—20th Century-Fox: A brilliantly written and performed satire on the theater and its luminaries with Bette Davis as a great star; Anne Baxter, a young hopeful; Hugh Marlowe, a playwright; Celeste Holm, his wife; George Sanders, a critic and Gary Merrill, a director. (Dec.)

✓✓½ (F) *BLACK ROSE, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Spectacular is the word for this historical epic, which takes Tyrone Power from a not-so-merrie England to the palaces of far off Cathay. Cecile Aubry is *The Black Rose,* Orson Welles a mighty Mongolian general. (Nov.)

✓✓½ (A) *BREAKING POINT, THE*—Warners: John Garfield is a bitter vet who rents his cruiser for fishing parties and gets involved with gangsters and siren Pat Neal. Phyllis Thaxter is superb as his wife in this rugged screen fare. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *CONVICTED*—Columbia: Better than usual prison story with Glenn Ford as the inmate—serving time for murder, Broderick Crawford as the D.A. who sent him up. With Dorothy Malone, Millard Mitchell. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *COPPER CANYON*—Paramount: Confusing but colorful post Civil War story laid in the copper-rich West. Hedy Lamarr, Ray Milland supply the romance; Macdonald Carey, the villainy. With Mona Freeman, Harry Carey Jr. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *DARK CITY*—Wallis-Paramount: Gamblers Charlton Heston, Jack Webb, Ed Begley are marked for murder by maniac brother of suicide Don DeFore whom they took for $5,000 in a crooked card game. Heston registers in his film debut. With Lizabeth Scott, Viveca Lindfors. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *EDGE OF DOOM*—Goldwyn-RKO: A grim melodrama with Farley Granger as an emotional boy who kills an old priest. Dana Andrews, a young priest, tries to help Farley. With Joan Evans, Mala Powers, Adele Jergens. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *EYE WITNESS*—Coronado-Eagle Lion: New York lawyer Robert Montgomery goes to England to defend a former war buddy unjustly accused of murder in this interesting but easy-going British-made drama. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *FANCY PANTS*—Paramount: This is strictly slapstick as Bob Hope goes West to be butler to *nouveau riche* Lucille Ball and gets mistaken for an English earl by gun-toting Bruce Cabot. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *FIREBALL, THE*—Thor-20th Century-Fox: A fast-moving story of the skating game with Mickey Rooney as a brash rink star who, struck by polio at the height of his career, finally learns humility. With Pat O'Brien, Beverly Tyler, Marilyn Monroe. (Nov.)

✓½ (F) *FULLER BRUSH GIRL, THE*—Columbia: More panic than plot in this zany comedy which has Lucille Ball and Eddie Albert mixed up in murder, smuggling and slapstick. (Dec.)

✓✓ (A) *GLASS MENAGERIE, THE*—Warners: Gertrude Lawrence makes her Hollywood debut in poignant story of a mother's frustrated efforts to find a husband for crippled daughter Jane Wyman. Arthur Kennedy is magnificent as her dreamer son. Kirk Douglas plays "the gentleman caller." (Oct.)

✓✓ (A) *HARRIET CRAIG*—Columbia: This third production of "Craig's Wife" stars Joan Crawford as the dominating matron who almost wrecks the lives of husband Wendell Corey and niece K. T. Stevens. A woman's picture. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *HIGH LONESOME* (LeMay-Templeton-Eagle Lion) An off-beat Western with John Barrymore Jr. as a youth unjustly accused of murder. With Lois Butler, John Archer. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *I'LL GET BY*—20th Century-Fox: A happy musical featuring top songs of World War No. 2, with Bill Lundigan as an ambitious song publisher. June Haver and Gloria DeHaven as a famous sister act that plugs his songs. With Dennis Day and surprise guest stars. (Dec.)

✓✓½ (F) *JACKPOT, THE*—20th Century-Fox: A hilarious comedy about what happens to Jimmy Stewart and Barbara Hale after he becomes the lucky (?) winner of a gigantic radio quiz. With James Gleason, Patricia Medina. (Dec.)

✓✓½ (F) *KIM*—M-G-M: Exciting screen version of Rudyard Kipling's story of intrigue in India, with Errol Flynn as a British spy posing as a horse trader and Dean Stockwell as *Kim.* With Paul Lukas. (Dec.)

✓✓½ (F) *KING SOLOMON'S MINES*—M-G-M: A fabulous adventure story with Stewart Granger as a guide who leads Deborah Kerr and Richard Carlson through the wilds of darkest Africa. Vivid animal sequences are worth the admission. (Oct.)

✓✓ (A) *KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE*—Cagney-Warners: Rough, tough gangster yarn about stick-up man Jimmy Cagney whose yen for both Barbara Payton and Helena Carter causes him more trouble than the police. With Luther Adler, Steve Brodie, Ward Bond. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *LADY WITHOUT PASSPORT, A*—M-G-M: Immigration inspector John Hodiak is torn between love and duty when he falls for Hedy Lamarr, who's trying to enter the U. S. illegally with the help of smuggler, George Macready. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *LET'S DANCE*—Paramount: This somewhat plot-heavy musical has Betty Hutton and son as fugitives from stuffy Boston grandmother-in-law, Lucile Watson. Betty meets former U.S.O. dance partner Fred Astaire and becomes a night-club star. With Ruth Warrick, Shepperd Strudwick. (Nov.)

✓½ (A) *LIFE OF HER OWN, A*—M-G-M: A romantic drama concerning the rise of model Lana Turner and her emotional problems when she gets entangled with Ray Milland. Margaret Phillips is excellent as Ray's crippled wife, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, Barry Sullivan fine in lesser roles. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *MAGNIFICENT YANKEE, THE*—M-G-M: Louis Calhern and Ann Harding star in this patriotic picture based on the Washington chapter in the lives of Supreme Court Justice and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *MILKMAN, THE*—U-I: A Grade A comedy starring Donald O'Connor and Jimmy Durante as dairy deliverers who meet up with Piper Laurie, Joyce Holden and some bad men too. (Nov.)

✓✓✓ (F) *MISTER 880*—20th Century-Fox: A heart-warming comedy in which counterfeiter Edmund Gwenn drives Secret Service agent Burt Lancaster and the Treasury Department to distraction. Dorothy McGuire's the love interest. (Nov.)

✓✓½ (F) *MR. MUSIC*—Paramount: One of Bing's best, this gay musical stars Crosby as a songwriter who'd rather loaf than labor until Nancy Olson comes along. With Ruth Hussey, Charles Coburn, Bob Stack, Tom Ewell. (Dec.)

✓✓½ (F) *MY BLUE HEAVEN*—20th Century-Fox: A modern musical starring Betty Grable and Dan Dailey as a famous TV team who try to adopt a baby. With David Wayne, Jane Wyatt. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *NO WAY OUT*—20th Century-Fox: When hate-ridden Richard Widmark's brother dies after treatment by negro intern Sidney Poitier, Dick enlists sister-in-law Linda Darnell's help to incite race riot. An explosive anti-prejudice film. With Stephen McNally. (Nov.)

✓ (F) *OUTRAGE*—Filmakers RKO: This contrived story of the after-effects of a criminal attack on small-town girl Mala Powers misses its mark despite good performances by Todd Andrews, Robert Clark. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *PETTY GIRL, THE*—Columbia: Easy on the eyes is this Technicolor tale about prim college professor Joan Caulfield who forgets higher education when she meets Petty Girl creator, Robert Cummings. With Elsa Lanchester. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *PRETTY BABY*—Warners: Advertising executives Dennis Morgan, Zachary Scott are floored when their bachelor-girl secretary Betsy Drake is mistakenly believed to be a mother. A cute comedy. With Edmund Gwenn. (Oct.)

✓✓½ (F) *ROCKY MOUNTAIN*—Warners: An outdoor drama with action—and heart. Errol Flynn, as a confederate soldier during the last days of the Civil War, rescues and falls for Patrice Wymore, fiancee of Union Lieut. Scott Forbes. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *SADDLE TRAMP*—U-I: The inevitable happens in this story of the West when Joel McCrea, a shiftless cowpoke, is forced to look after his dead pal's four kids—and Wanda Hendrix. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *STELLA*—20th Century-Fox: A slightly far-fetched but gay farce about a daffy family, Ann Sheridan, David Wayne and Evelyn Varden, who bury a black sheep uncle and get involved in complications unlimited. With Vic Mature. (Oct.)

✓✓✓ (F) *SUMMER STOCK*—M-G-M: Loads of songs, dances and laughs as Gene Kelly makes a star of farmerette Judy Garland and a successful theater of her barn. With Eddie Bracken, Gloria DeHaven. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *TEA FOR TWO*—Warners: A nostalgic musical of the 'Twenties concerned with the efforts of Gordon MacRae, Doris Day, Gene Nelson and S. Z. Sakall to put on a Broadway show. (Oct.)

✓✓✓ (A) *THREE HUSBANDS*—Gloria-UA: A sophisticated comedy of domestic relations with Howard da Silva, Shepperd Strudwick, Robert Karns as the husbands; Eve Arden, Ruth Warrick, Vanessa Brown as their wives and Emlyn Williams as a millionaire who causes their marital mix-up. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *THREE SECRETS*—Warners: Eleanor Parker, Ruth Roman and Patricia Neal each believes that a child trapped on a mountaintop after a plane crash is their son. A suspenseful and heart-tugging drama. With Frank Lovejoy, Arthur Franz. (Oct.)

(F) *TRIPOLI*—(Pine-Thomas-Paramount): A not too convincing historical adventure, supposedly revealing how the Marines conquered the Tripoli pirates. With Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, Howard Da Silva. (Dec.)

✓½ (F) *TO PLEASE A LADY*—M-G-M: A routine story which has more auto racing than romance—despite co-starring of Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *UNION STATION*—Paramount: Exciting chase film in which William Holden, Nancy Olson and Barry Fitzgerald join forces to capture Lyle Bettger, kidnaper of Allene Roberts. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *WOMAN ON THE RUN*—Fidelity-U-I: Ann Sheridan enlists Dennis O'Keefe's help in tracking down her husband, Ross Elliott—an innocent witness to a gangland killing. Suspenseful murder mystery. (Dec.)

Casts of Current Pictures

BREAKTHROUGH—Warners: *Capt. Hale,* David Brian; *Lt. Joe Mallory,* John Agar; *Sgt. Bell,* Frank Lovejoy; *Dominick,* Bill Campbell; *Pvt. Ed Rojeck,* Paul Picerni; *Pvt. Frank Finley,* Greg McClure; *"Four Eff" Nelson,* Richard Monahan; *Sgt. Roy Henderson,* Eddie Norris; *Pvt. Jumbo Hollis,* Matt Willis; *Hansen,* Dick Wesson; *Collette,* Suzanne Dalbert; *Pvt. George Glasheen,* William Self; *Pvt. Rothman,* Danny Arnold; *Lt. Janis King,* Danie Sue Nolan; *Lt. Col. Lewis,* Howard Negley.

CRY DANGER—Olympic-RKO: *Rocky,* Dick Powell; *Nancy,* Rhonda Fleming; *Delong,* Richard Erdman; *Castro,* William Conrad; *Cobb,* Regis Toomey; *Darlene,* Jean Porter; *Williams,* Jay Adler; *Alice Fletcher,* Joan Banks; *Cigarette Girl,* Gloria Saunders; *Bookie,* Hy Averbach; *Taxi Driver,* Renny McEvoy; *Hank,* Lou Lubin; *Bartender,* Benny Burt.

HARVEY—U-I: *Elwood P. Dowd,* James Stewart; *Veta Louise Simmons,* Josephine Hull; *Ruth Kelly,* Peggy Dow; *Dr. Lyman Sanderson,* Charles Drake; *Dr. Chumley,* Cecil Kellaway; *Myrtle Mae,* Victoria Horne; *Wilson,* Jesse White; *Mrs. Chumley,* Nana Bryant; *Mrs. Chauvenet,* Grace Mills; *Sanitarium patient,* Ida Moore.

HIGHWAY 301—Warners: *George Legenza,* Steve Cochran; *Mary Simms,* Virginia Grey; *Lee Fontaine,* Gaby Andre; *Truscott,* Edmon Ryan; *Wm. B. Phillips,* Robert Webber; *Robert Mais,* Wally Cassell; *Madeline Welton,* Aline Towne; *Herbie Brooks,* Richard Egan; *Hinton,* Edward Norris.

MINIVER STORY, THE—M-G-M: *Kay Miniver,* Greer Garson; *Clem Miniver,* Walter Pidgeon; *"Spike" Romway,* John Hodiak; *Steve Brunswick,* Leo Genn; *Judy Miniver,* Cathy O'Donnell; *Mr. Foley,* Reginald Owen; *Vicar,* Henry Wilcoxon; *Dr. Kanesley,* Anthony Bushell; *Tom Foley,* Richard Gale.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT—RKO: *Kay Kingsley,* Irene Dunne; *Chris Heyward,* Fred MacMurray; *Mr. Mears,* William Demarest; *Orvie,* Andy Devine; *Nancy Heyward,* Gigi Perreau; *Christina Heyward,* Natalie Wood; *Pokey,* Margaret Gibson; *Jean,* Ann Doran; *Albert* Chester Conklin; *Jed,* Philip Ober.

SCARF, THE—Gloria-U.A.: *John Barrington,* John Ireland; *Connie Carter,* Mercedes McCambridge; *David Dunbar,* Emlyn Williams; *Ezra Thompson,* James Barton; *Dr. Gordon,* Lloyd Gough; *Cyrus Barrington,* Basil Ruysdael; *Level Louie,* David Wolfe; *Warden,* Harry Shannon; *Mrs. Barrington,* Celia Lovsky; *State Trooper,* Dave McMahon; *Sam,* Chubby Johnson; *Tom,* Frank Jenks; *Jack (Waiter),* Emmett Lynn; *Sid,* Dick Wessel; *Sheriff,* Frank Jaquet; *Deputy,* John Merrick; *Detective,* Lyle Talbot; *Tiger,* King Donovan; *Woopie,* Oz Whitehead; *Gargantua,* Frank Richards; *Receptionist,* Sue Casey.

SEPTEMBER AFFAIR—Wallis-Paramount: *Manina Stuart,* Joan Fontaine; *David Lawrence,* Joseph Cotten; *Maria Salvatini,* Francoise Rosay; *Catherine Lawrence,* Jessica Tandy; *David Lawrence Jr.,* Robert Arthur; *Johnny Wilson,* Jimmy Lydon; *Grazzi,* Fortunio Bonanova; *Bianca,* Grazia Narciso; *Rosita,* Anna Demetrio; *Vittorio Portini,* Lou Steele; *Mr. Peppino,* Frank Yaconelli.

SOUND OF FURY, THE—Stillman-U.A.: *Howard Tyler,* Frank Lovejoy; *Judy Tyler,* Kathleen Ryan; *Gil Stanton,* Richard Carlson; *Jerry Slocum,* Lloyd Bridges; *Hazel,* Katherine Locke; *Velma,* Adele Jergens; *Hal Clendenning,* Art Smith; *Dr. Simone,* Renzo Cesana; *Helen Stanton,* Irene Vernon; *Vi Clendenning,* Lynn Gray; *Sheriff Demig,* Cliff Clark; *Mike,* Debbs Greer; *Prof. Martin,* Mack Williams; *Barbara Colson,* Jane Easton; *Herb Colson,* John Pelletti; *Kathy,* Mary Lawrence; *Tommy Tyler,* Donald Smelick.

STATE SECRET—Columbia: *Dr. John Marlowe,* Douglas Fairbanks Jr.; *Lisa,* Glynis Johns; *Colonel Galcon,* Jack Hawkins; *Theodor,* Herbert Lom; *Dr. Revo,* Karel Stepanek; *General Niva,* Walter Rilla; *Prada,* Carl Jaffe; *Baba,* Olga Lowe; *Teresa,* Therese Van Kye; *Sigrist,* Hans Moser; *Cable Car Conductor,* Eric Pohlmann; *Macco,* Peter Illing; *Barber,* Paul Demel; *State Policeman,* Anton Diffring.

TWO FLAGS WEST—20th Century-Fox: *Col. Clay Tucker,* Joseph Cotten; *Elena Kenniston,* Linda Darnell; *Kenniston,* Jeff Chandler; *Capt. Mark Bradford,* Cornel Wilde; *Lem,* Dale Robertson; *Sgt. Terrance Duffy,* Jay C. Flippen; *Cy Davis,* Noah Beery; *Ephriam Strong,* Harry Von Zell; *Lt. Adams,* John Sands; *Sgt. Pickens,* Arthur Hunnicutt; *Courier,* Jack Lee; *Hank,* Robert Adler; *Lt. Reynolds,* Harry Carter; *Dr. Magowan,* Ferris Taylor; *Mrs. Magowan,* Sally Corner; *Rev. Simpkins,* Everett Glass; *Mrs. Simpkins,* Marjorie Bennett; *Cal,* Lee MacGregor; *Capt. Stanley,* Roy Gordon; *Maria,* Aurora Castillo; *Colonel Hoffman,* Stanley Andrews; *Ash Cooper,* Don Garner.

TWO WEEKS WITH LOVE—M-G-M: *Patti Robinson,* Jane Powell; *Demi Armendez,* Ricardo Montalban; *Papa Robinson,* Louis Calhern; *Mama Robinson,* Ann Harding; *Mr. Finlay,* Clinton Sundberg; *Melba Robinson,* Debbie Reynolds; *Billy Finlay,* Carleton Carpenter; *Valerie Stresemann,* Phyllis Kirk; *McCormick Robinson,* Gary Gray; *Enrico Robinson,* Tommy Rettig.

WALK SOFTLY, STRANGER—RKO: *Chris Hale,* Joseph Cotten; *Elaine Corelli,* Valli; *Mrs. Brentman,* Spring Byington; *Whitey,* Paul Stewart; *Ray Healey,* Jack Paar; *Gwen,* Jeff Donnell; *Morgan,* John McIntire; *Bowen,* Howard Petrie; *A. J. Corelli,* Frank Puglia; *Thompson,* Esther Dale; *Mabel,* Marlo Dwyer; *Boy,* Robert Ellis.

JAMES CAGNEY ★ VIRGINIA MAYO ★ DORIS DAY

GORDON MACRAE ★ GENE NELSON

THE WEST POINT STORY

"By the Kissing Rock"

"It's Raining Sundrops"

"Military Polka"

"You Love Me"

"Long Before I Knew You"

"Brooklyn"

Gaily greeting their friends at the Stork Club are New York visitors, Ginger Rogers, the Gordon MacRaes

Touring the Town: Bette Davis, back from honeymooning at Prouts Neck, Maine, moving into husband Gary Merrill's Malibu cottage while he's making a picture in Germany . . . Scott Brady hosting a Scandia dinner for his family—and Dorothy Malone . . . Burt Lancaster sending roses to director Mike Curtiz, after a blow-up on the "Jim Thorpe—All American" set . . . Joan Evans buying her first Hollywood home and being moved into it by such loving laborers as Hugh O'Brian, Jerry Parris and Jess Morgan . . . Ezio Pinza, who'll appear in the movie version, sitting in the front row of the Las Palmas Theater and making mental notes on Cesar Romero's exciting performance in "Strictly Dishonorable."

Liza at the Wheel: The other evening Cal was heading for an early dinner with Joan Crawford, who was running a movie for her kids. Directly beside us a car stopped at a traffic light. We glanced inside. Judy Garland was in the front seat. Next to her, little Liza Minnelli, on her father's lap, sat at the wheel "driving," while her eyes danced with excitement. They might have been any average young family out for a spin, but unfortunately their lives aren't that simple. Judy may make a New York musical and she plans a visit to Europe this winter, with Vincente.

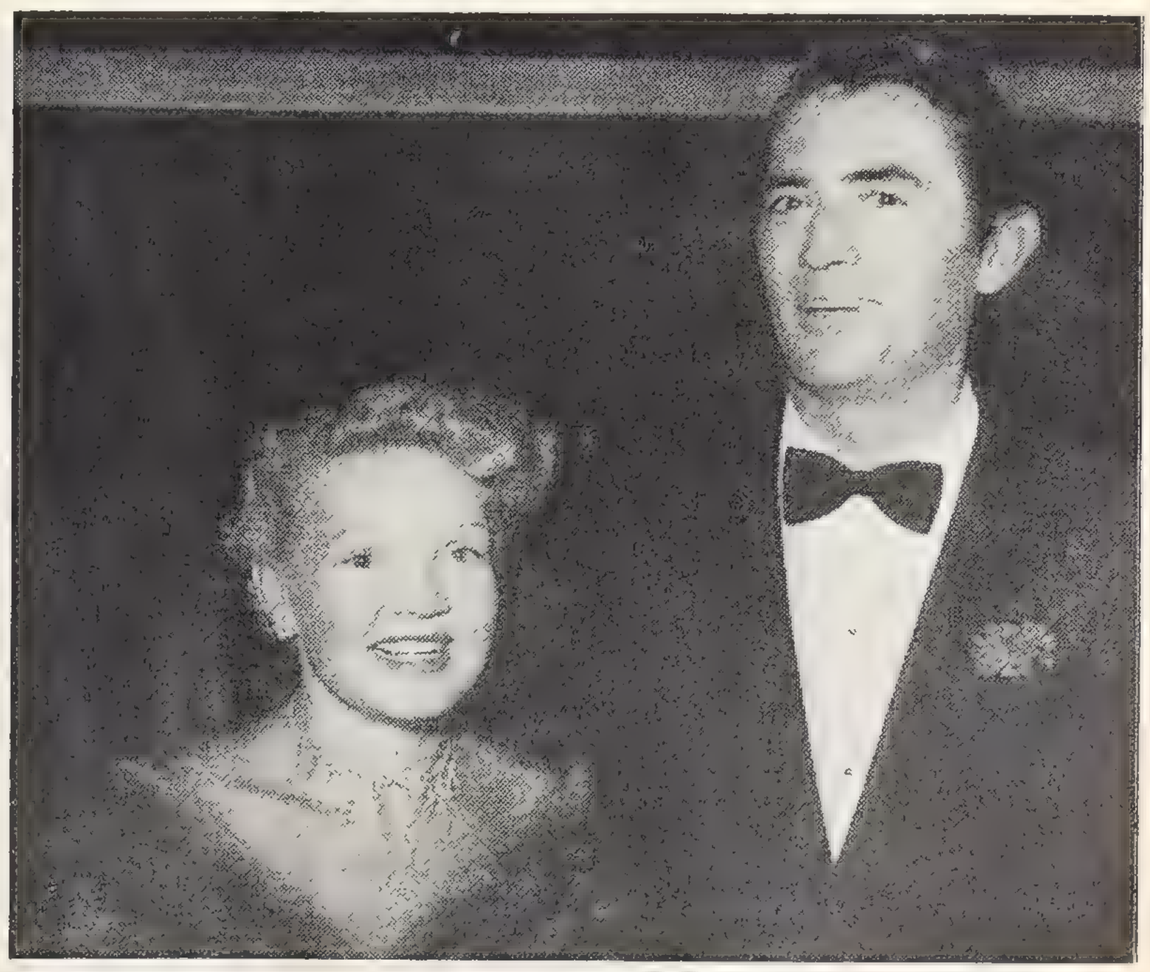
INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's gossip of Hollywood

Ann Sheridan talks back to her director, Norman Foster, on set of "Woman on the Run," her next picture

Three men on a luncheon course: Columbia leading men, John Derek, Brod Crawford and Bill Holden go stag at Brittingham's. John's in "The Hero," Brod and Bill, in "Born Yesterday"

Smiling trio Benay Venuta, Bob Sterling and Nancy Sinatra arrive for opening night show at El Capitan



The Greg Pecks, in party spirits. Greg's a dashing sailor in Warner's "Captain Horatio Hornblower"

INSIDE STUFF.....

HOLLYWOOD PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS BALL

P At the Hollywood Press Photographers Ball, stars dressed as their suppressed desires. Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh yearn to be marriage partners, too! They are going everywhere together (See them on page 45 at another party)

She's the he and he's the she . . . no, we're not clowning—but the Larry Parkses are, as a pair of mixed-up tramps

Focus Fun: Cal goes on record that the Hollywood Press Photographers Costume Ball at the Beverly Hills Hotel was a whopping success. Everyone was supposed to come as his or her suppressed desire—which gave imaginations plenty of play and brought plenty of laughs. Bob Cummings came undressed as a Petty Girl . . . Scott Brady was a Times Square (New York) lamppost . . . The Larry Parkses were a pair of tramps—only he was the she and she was the he . . . Art Linkletter, dressed in counterfeit bills as "Mr. 880," emceed the entertainment and put on a fabulous "People Are Funny" show . . . Bob Mitchum, as Brigham Young, sang a duet with Jane Russell. Other stars entertained too. Ann Blyth sang "My Man" so poignantly, she brought tears to many eyes. Red Skelton, as King of the Hoboes, gave his wonderful "drunk" imitation. And Danny Kaye did a couple of his original songs . . . Much amusement was caused by the masked girl with Hoagy Carmichael, whose scanty costume of fringe seemed to grow less and less as it got torn—caused by Hoagy sitting on it!

Bob Cummings, as a Petty Girl, was easy on the eyes—but those high heels hurt! Van Johnson's a handsome Vicar

Scott Brady, alias a New York lamppost, directs Ann Blyth, a pretty *Sadie Thompson*, to stage, where she sang "My Man"

Liz Taylor, lovely in pink ballerina costume, was escorted by a gentleman of the Old South—husband Nick Hilton

Corner on the future: Mike Romanoff made it a celebration when he laid cornerstone for new Beverly Hills restaurant. Above, Benita Colman, the Clark Gables, Mike, Joe Cotten, Ronald Colman

Death of a Champion: The night the news of Al Jolson's death came, Cal emerged from the downtown Biltmore Theater in back of Larry Parks who was attending the premiere of "Summer and Smoke." He stood there stunned as newsboys shouted, "Al Jolson dies of heart attack." Gossip to the contrary, Larry remained grateful to Joley for "The Jolson Story," which marked the turning point in Larry's career.

It Can Happen Here: Ruth Roman and Shelley Winters having lunch together and not talking about their "favorite" actress (themselves) . . . Lizabeth Scott walking across the Paramount lot wearing a big, becoming smile that caused a big male star to comment: "Wonder what's wrong?" . . . Marlon Brando spending an entire lunch hour in Warner's commissary (he always eats with the "little" people) without once trying to shock his companions with those unsolicited stories on self-revelations . . . Yvonne De Carlo admitting she's not engaged to a Persian prince (this month) and isn't planning a trip to Tripoli.

Hollywood Is Talking About: Farley Granger and his change of heart. After the public reaction to "Rope," he wasn't eager to appear in another Alfred Hitchcock production. Farley's first picture following his return from Europe will be "Strangers on a Train," directed by you-know-who . . . There's a new Susan Hayward around town these days who talks in a softer, quieter voice that only adds to her fatal femininity. See for yourself in "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" . . . That fascinating French girl Corinne Calvet is no longer late for appointments; she's kinder and more considerate; she remembers to say thank you.

Neptune's Daughter: We were "On the Riviera," thanks to our good friend and good director Walter Lang, who had invited us out to watch Danny Kaye do a number. Danny's little Dena was on the set too and it seems the young lady wasn't too happy with the new family swimming pool. "Well, if you don't like your daddy's swimming pool," the cameraman wooed her, "you can always come over and use mine." Dena regarded him intently. "Is it heated?" she asked nonchalantly, while Danny fell right on his famous face.

Rampant Rumor: Fortunately the Humphrey Bogarts have a sense of humor, so Cal wasn't cursed when he called to check the town talk. "No, we're not divorcing," laughed Bogie. "Columnists in Hollywood are more competitive than actors. Our son is getting old enough to have his own room now, so we need a larger house. When we put this one on the market, we kept it quiet because we didn't want a lot of curious persons running through the place. Well, one of my poison-pen pals immediately printed that we were separating—just in case he might miss a scoop." For the record, Bogie and Betty celebrated their fifth anniversary recently with a large party that was voted one of the best of the year.

Heart Trouble: We mentioned Janet Leigh's name to Tony Curtis while lunching with him in the U-I commissary and this warm-hearted young Romeo made like a hunk of ice cream in a hot oven. "Janet's wonderful! What a girl!" sighed the most likable newcomer to Hollywood. How did they meet? Tony, who hails from the Bronx, grinned with amusement when he recalled it. "At a Sazerac party, yet! It was given in Lucy's Restaurant. I saw Janet across a crowded room—just like Pinza! I didn't leave until someone introduced us." When Janet flew East recently, she wore the gold medal and chain given to Tony by Jerry Lewis, the comedian. "Just to bring her luck." Tony's eyes beamed when he said it. "With Bob Quarrie?" we ribbed him. "Him—he's dead!" And Tony was off to the phone to call that "terrific woman."

Success Story: Cal was lunching with Bill Holden at Paramount when Jane Wyman joined our table. She was on the lot fitting the clothes she'll wear working with Bing Crosby in "Here Comes the Groom." "You know, this is the second time I've worked in a Crosby picture," grinned Janie, as those large expressive eyes reflected her anticipation. When was the first, we wanted to know. "When I was in stock as a line girl," she exclaimed. "I danced in one of Bing's first musicals—and they cut the number out of the picture!"

Prediction: In case Debbie Reynolds isn't aware of it, Cal can assure her that there are fabulous plans for her future. Cute as a button and loaded with talent, this little lady who was lost on the Warner lot, has her M-G-M bosses bewitched, bothered and about to make her a star of the Judy Garland caliber. Recently Sam Goldwyn (who is a rival producer) saw Debbie at a private dinner party showing of "Two Weeks with Love." Sighed Sam: "This girl is sensational. She should be under contract to—Goldwyn!"

Personal to Debbie: Cal couldn't be happier because you've worked so hard and we know just how much this will mean to your family.

Grand Old Guy: For years now, Cal's been telling you about the beef-cake boys and the cheesecake queens of Hollywood. So we're delighted to bring you a story that concerns someone who may not send the swoon set, but he's just what the Tri-State theater managers ordered. At (*Continued on page* 14)

here comes harvey

with the happiest laughs you'll ever have!

The most wonderful stage play of our time becomes one of the great Motion Pictures of all time!

Universal-International presents

"harvey"

Starring **JAMES STEWART**

with JOSEPHINE HULL • CHARLES DRAKE • CECIL KELLAWAY
JESSE WHITE • VICTORIA HORNE • WALLACE FORD *and* PEGGY DOW

From the Pulitzer Prize Play written by MARY CHASE and produced by BROCK PEMBERTON • Screenplay by MARY CHASE and OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by JOHN BECK • Directed by HENRY KOSTER

Universal International

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 12) Twentieth they threw a party when the prize-winning managers visited Hollywood. With Betty Grable, Anne Baxter, Jeanne Crain and Gene Tierney within reach, the boys still wanted to meet—Edmund Gwenn! Word was dispatched to the beloved character actor, who was sick with arthritis. "Mr. 880" got up, got dressed and came to the party. He made such a hit with the boys from out of town, they insisted on accompanying him back to the rest home and tucking him in for the night again!

Good Will Girl: News is news and this story is so warm with human interest, Cal hopes Jane Russell will forgive him for uncovering it. According to our correspondent, with no other purpose except to be helpful, the good Jane takes trips down to East Los Angeles' Skid Row—the jumping-off place for respectability. There, she talks to the unfortunates and tries to renew their faith in mankind. Because of those roles she plays, her approach is a humorous one. "Here's big bad Jane again," she kids them, which immediately puts her on their side and banishes that "reformer" approach.

Rumors Rumble That: Gordon MacRae objects to the invasion of his personal privacy and will no longer allow his family life to be publicized . . . M-G-M and Twentieth are waiting breathlessly with poised pen, hoping Howard Duff succeeds in securing his release from Universal-International . . . John Agar's prohibitive salary is no longer a studio obstacle, due to the fantastic increase in his fan following.

Hollywood Happenings: Sympathy to Lana Turner and Bob Topping, who had looked forward so eagerly for a child and hoped for a son. Ironically, every floor in the Topping household is thickly carpeted except a small hallway strip that had been waxed without Lana's knowledge. After she fell they tried in vain to save her baby in the hospital. Heartwarming is the news that no ill-effects will prevent Lana from dating the stork in the future.

Names in the News: The happiness of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger over the new house they're furnishing in Brentwood. After an on-again, off-again romance that was heartily disapproved of by J. Arthur Rank, who held the beautiful Britisher's contract, Jean will return to Hollywood after the New Year and their wedding will follow . . . Those inevitable Gable rumors, this time that Clark's friends on adjoining Valley ranches are no longer invited to his house . . . Jane Powell's husband reporting to an Eastern insurance school (an annual requirement) which is bound to provoke separation rumors . . . June Allyson bought a layette of yellow for her baby, on account of it's her favorite color.

News of Twos: Younger than springtime and just as romantic, Debra Paget and Bob Arthur "Lost in the Clouds" at the downtown Philharmonic Theater . . . Boots and saddles for rugged and romantic Bob Patten, who loves to ride along the Santa Monica sands at sunset with Wanda Hendrix . . . No card enclosed or needs to be when Shirley Temple receives black orchids from Charles Black.

Dream Girl: If Marie Wilson has a single enemy, Cal has yet to meet up with him. Our adored friend *Irma* had proof of her popularity when she arrived at the House of Westmore with "Mr. Hobbs," her Yorkshire terrier. Since the beauty parlor has been redecorated, even Garbo was refused permission to park her pet within the sacred portals. "For Mr. Hobbs, we'll make an exception," explained Perc Westmore. "If he's your dog, Marie, I'm sure his manners are excellent!" Batting those inch-long lashes, Marie drew a deep breath and answered: "Oh gosh!" Don't you love her?

Hollywood Hodge Podge: Betty Grable making the amazing discovery that four fireplaces in her new Beverly Hills home had been sealed up by the former owners . . . Mark Stevens trying to figure out how not to offend his Japanese gardener who had planted a hedge that had to go. It spells out the star's name . . . Rosalind Russell returning from a casual Beverly Hills shopping tour with a Cadillac . . . Ann Sothern recording her composer-sister Bonnie Lake's "Butterfly Blues" and sending the record to Richard Egan . . . Mario Lanza is a sensational hit in "The Toast of New Orleans" but director Norman Taurog wouldn't mind if he didn't have to work with the tempestuous tenor again . . . Robert Young received his first important film break because Joan Crawford volunteered to appear in his screen test. In "Goodbye, My Fancy," Bob receives $75,000 for playing in six scenes opposite Joan! . . . Those plans to appear in their first personally produced picture are very close to reality for the William Holdens . . . A beautiful and newly decorated studio dressing room for June Haver, who's been a very sick girl, when she returns from her European pilgrimage.

Paging Pinkerton: An FBI investigation had nothing on Cal trying to track down the rumor that John Barrymore Jr. had undergone plastic surgery, the purported reason being to perfect a profile that would be similar to his famous father's. John Jr. *was* in the hospital for plastic surgery. There *was* great secrecy attendant on his sojourn, no doubt to try and circumvent gossip that would have followed an honest announcement. According to our informant, the operation was performed to remove a scar from John Jr.'s mouth, the result of a childhood accident. Sometimes wires get crossed in Hollywood.

Mrs. Hugh Saint, winner of Photoplay Greyhound bus trip to Hollywood, was guest on "Jill's Hollywood," over WWL, New Orleans. Above, with Jill Jackson

Hollywood turned out in its brilliant best for opening of Sadler's Wells ballet in Los Angeles. Among those attending were Jennifer Jones, David Selznick

FASHION NEWS . . . The "Poured-In" Silhouette—sleek, slender, lithe

This year, you give the illusion of having been *poured into* your slender new clothes. It's a willowy, longer-waisted look—with a slim, smooth sweep from waist to hip to thigh. And, to achieve this "poured-in" silhouette, take the advice of designers who created the new fashions . . .

Made by a revolutionary latex process, PINK-ICE actually "breathes" with you, dispels body heat!

Under newest clothes, top designers recommend

FIGURE NEWS . . . INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

Here's a girdle that slims you, moulds you, gives you a "poured-in" silhouette while allowing *the most complete freedom of action.* Invisible under your sleekest new dress, PINK-ICE hasn't a seam, stitch or bone. Result of a revolutionary new latex process, it's fresh as a daisy, light as a snowflake, actually "breathes" with you—dispels body heat. It washes in seconds, pats dry with a towel!

CEIL CHAPMAN, New York designer: "It's an easy figure to have — with PLAYTEX, the girdle that combines power with comfort and freedom, fits invisibly under clothes!"

VINCENT MONTE-SANO, suit designing genius: "Your girdle must be figure-slimming, give smooth, natural lines in comfort. In short, it must be a PLAYTEX Girdle."

MOLYNEUX, famed designer to royalty: "To wear the newest clothes successfully, you must have PLAYTEX. And PLAYTEX slims you effectively, comfortably, naturally."

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES **$3.95** to **$4.95**

In SLIM, golden tubes, PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES **$4.95** to **$5.95**

In SLIM, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES **$3.50** to **$3.95**

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large.
Extra-large size slightly higher.

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION

Playtex Park © 1951 **Dover Del.**

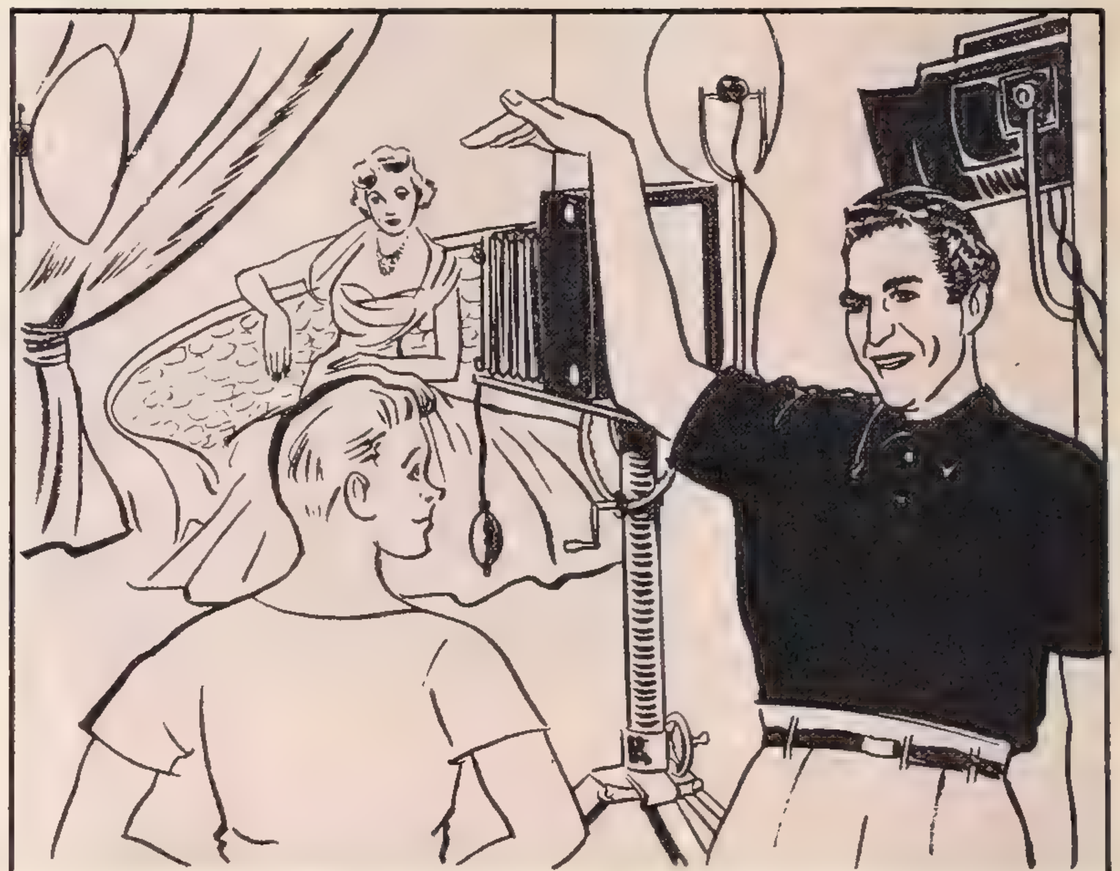
YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Photo-Plays

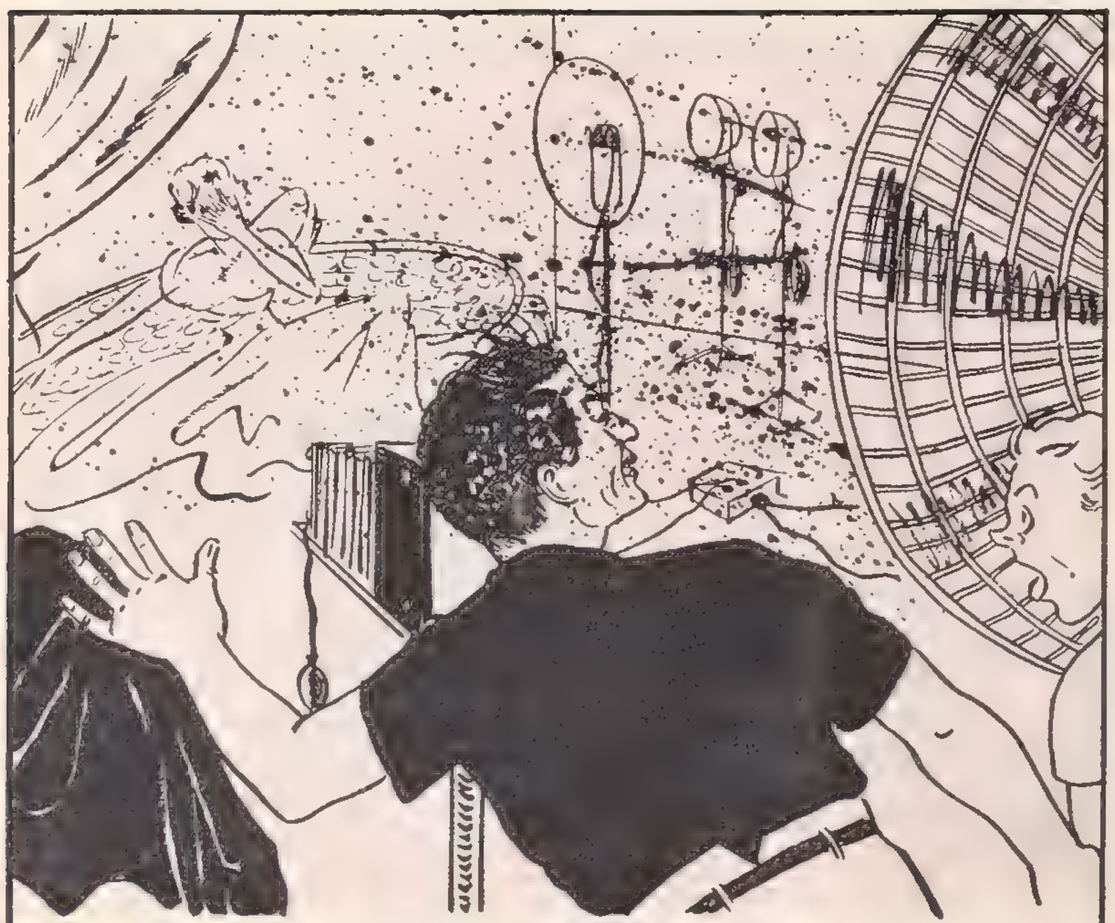
Gene Tierney of "On the Riviera" and photographer Tony Beauchamp (Sarah Churchill's husband), never—it's sure—will forget a recent portrait sitting

It was a very special assignment. Gene shopped and shopped for the sheer fabric that Tony insisted upon for draping

Came The Day. *Everything went wrong.* The lights weren't right. They couldn't, to save them, get the fabric draped glamorously enough. Tony wanted the . . .



. . . effect of a soft breeze. The blower sputtered, wouldn't work. He sent for another. The only blower not busy was a big one used for storms. Tony set . . .



. . . it at its lowest speed. But, idle for months, it had been greased to prevent rust. When the technician turned it on—out gushed a stream of thick black oil!

All over Gene and Tony, it gushed. At this moment, Oleg Cassini appeared on the scene. Staring at his spattered wife, he gasped, "Ye gods, I married an oil well!"

FREE! Handy Convenient "Push-Kap" Dispenser

OF EXTRA COST

with large and giant size

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion

Tip the bottle, push the cap— Have lovelier-looking hands in seconds!

No bothersome top to remove or replace. This handy "Push-Kap" dispenser gives you just the *desired* amount of lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion for the gentlest, most soothing care your dry, chapped hands (knees and elbows, too) have ever experienced. Cashmere Bouquet is the fragrant new formula that pours like a lotion, *softens* like a cream, dries quick-as-a-wink without stickiness. Grand as a powder base, or complexion treatment for your entire body. Get Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with the new "Push-Kap" dispenser, in the large or giant size, today!

1. No Fuss!
When ready to apply lotion—simply withdraw silvery pin from spout. No bothersome cap to unscrew, replace, or lose.

2. No Muss!
Turn bottle upside down. Press gently on knob behind spout with forefinger to dispense lotion. Can't spill, bottle never becomes slippery.

3. No Waste!
When exactly *desired* amount of lotion is dispensed, release pressure of forefinger and replace bottle upright. Simple, convenient, economical.

UGLY. **"Scrubbing my hands constantly,** in order to keep them 'hospital clean,' could easily make them look red and ugly," says Jean Crow, Registered Nurse of Baltimore, Maryland.

LOVELY. **"But my hands never show** the harsh treatment they undergo," she continues. "I use Noxzema throughout the day to help keep my hands looking soft and smooth."

Hands Look Lovelier in 24 Hours*... or your money back!

Noxzema Hand Care Helps Soften, Whiten, Heal Red, Rough "Working Hands"—Chapped Hands!

● **Doctors' tests prove it!** If your hands are red, rough and chapped . . . they can look lovelier in 24 hours! *In tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed improvement — often within 24 hours—with Noxzema. Read what it can do for you:

1. Help red, rough "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter and so much lovelier!
2. Bring soothing relief to raw, chapped skin!
3. *Help heal* those tiny surface cuts and cracks!
4. Supply a protective film of oil-and-moisture to skin!
5. And—it's a snow-white, dainty *greaseless* cream!

Helps Soothe, Heal Those Sore Chapped Hands! Chapped hands are *cut* hands. And they need more than just a "perfumed prettifier." *Medicated* Noxzema helps heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks—quickly—helps chapped hands feel better, look lovelier!

Helps "Housework Hands" Regain Natural Beauty! When daily chores leave your hands red and rough—let gentle, soothing Noxzema come to their rescue. It helps unsightly "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter—often overnight! And it's *greaseless* —never leaves your hands feeling "sticky"!

Mrs. J. I. Ransome, Dallas housewife, says: "Housework left my hands looking rough and dry—until I discovered Noxzema! Now my hands always look soft, smooth and lovely."

Winona McClure, Denver school teacher, says: "I first started using Noxzema for chapped hands. It was so effective that it's been my regular hand cream ever since!"

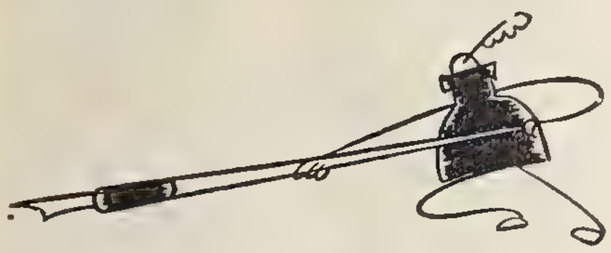
Betty Jane Hokenstrom, Minneapolis secretary, says: "Office work can be hard on hands. But I use Noxzema every day to help keep my hands looking their loveliest!"

Money-Back Offer! No matter what hand care you use now—try soothing, *medicated* Noxzema tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in 24 hours—simply return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted with results! Get *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema Skin Cream today—40¢, 60¢ and $1.00, plus tax, at any drug or cosmetic counter.

NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin

Readers Inc.



Casting:

I saw Vaughn Monroe in "Singing Guns" the other night and I certainly don't understand why he should be given a part like that. Wouldn't he be wonderful in a Technicolor musical?

DORIS JUNE STUCK
Harmony, Pa.

Cheers and Jeers:

I have just seen the letter Miss J. Pagnone wrote about Ava Gardner in the October Photoplay. How does she know Miss Gardner is a heartbreaker? If Howard Duff is supposed to have a broken heart he sure did get over it. As for Frankie, who went after whom?

SHELLEY REED
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I have seen Nancy Olson in two pictures now. This gal has no looks—no sex appeal. How did she ever get the drag?

MAX REED
St. Louis, Mo.

Had been looking forward to seeing "The Black Rose" for a long time but I am sorry to say the picture was ruined for me and for many of my friends.

Can't you keep child stars like Cecile Aubry for child pictures? She was so miscast she ruined the whole picture.

MRS. ELEANOR HEATH
Charleston, S. C.

Question Box:

Would you please give me some information about that wonderful little actress Cecile Aubry? I just saw her in "The Black Rose" and I thought she was grand.

MISS PAGE MOORE
Cape Charles, Va.

(Cecile Aubry was born in Paris about twenty years ago. She is 5'2", weighs 92 lbs., has light brown hair and hazel eyes.)

I have read many times that in reality George "Gabby" Hayes is a handsome middle-aged man. I am wondering if this is true, also how about a picture of him minus the whiskers?

MISS G. O'HIGGINS
Laoighis, Eire

(He was born in 1885. Sorry, no pictures of him without whiskers are available. Apparently, he's so busy making Western movies that he never shaves).

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"I rode 150 miles on a roller coaster!"

"Retaking this scene for 'Woman on the Run' kept me on a roller coaster hour after hour. I rubbed my hands raw, gripping the rail.

And hanging from this skylight nearly tore my fingers.

But I smoothed my hands with Jergens Lotion . . .

For romantic close-ups with Dennis O'Keefe!"

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You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

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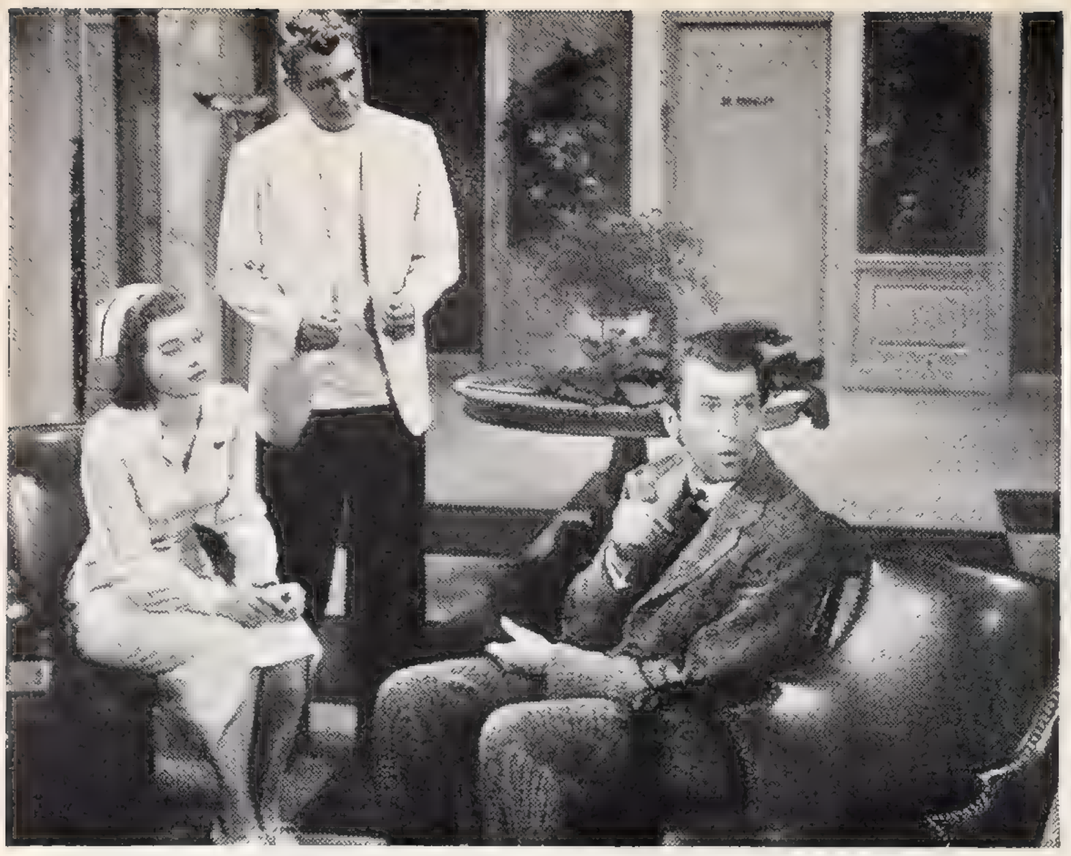


Whimsical wit: Peggy Dow, Charles Drake, James Stewart and unseen friend in screen version of a famous play

Psychological puzzler: When Mercedes McCambridge thumbs a ride from John Ireland she travels a dangerous road

✓✓½ (F) Harvey (U-I)

MARY CHASE'S Pulitzer Prize-winning play about an amiable tosspot who makes a pal of a six-foot invisible rabbit named *Harvey* makes delightful screen entertainment. In its travels from stage to screen the story, unfortunately, loses much of its warmth and poignancy, but keeps most of its subtle laughs. There will be those theater-goers who say that Jimmy Stewart as *Elwood P. Dowd* is no Frank Fay. But let there be no belittling of our boy. As the lovable *Elwood,* Jimmy makes you believe in *Harvey*—and that's the test. Josephine Hull, of the original New York company is, naturally, a knockout as Jimmy's older sister *Veta.* Jesse White, also of the New York company, is the strong arm man at "Chumley's Rest." *Dr. Chumley* is played by Cecil Kellaway, and Charles Drake is his young assistant.

Your Reviewer Says: A happy picture.

Program Notes: *Says Jimmy Stewart, "I had a mental picture of* Harvey *in my mind as clear as a bell. If I hadn't 'seen' him I would have been as dead as a dodo as far as playing my part. I practiced so much self-hypnosis, in fact, that I sometimes 'saw' the darned thing at night—sitting next to me at the family dinner table. My wife got a little bored with* Harvey" *. . . Sixty-six-year-old Josephine Hull, famous Broadway actress, played* Veta Louise Simmons *for five consecutive years in New York. When Miss Hull first came to Hollywood she couldn't sleep at night. It was too quiet. So one of the sound men made her a recording of New York traffic noises, and all she had to do was to turn on the record when she tucked in at nights. After that she slept divinely, she says . . . Charles Drake and Peggy Dow are two of Universal's "new faces" who have been promised stardom.*

✓✓ (A) The Scarf (Gloria-U.A.)

THIS is Mercedes McCambridge's first screen appearance since she became the most talked about actress in Hollywood, following her amazing feat of winning an Academy Award for her supporting role in "All the King's Men," her Hollywood debut film. In this unusually good suspense melodrama Mercedes plays *Cash and Carry Connie,* a wisecracking, singing waitress in a Los Angeles two-bit joint. Hitch-hiking to her job, she is given a lift by John Ireland, whom she later recognizes as an escaped mental patient and murderer with a $5,000 reward for his re-arrest. She is tempted to turn him in, but instead she helps his two friends, James Barton—a slightly nutty philosopher-rancher, and Lloyd Gough, a prison doctor who believes him innocent, to solve the murder mystery. That thoroughly delightful actor, Emlyn Williams, stands out like the Koh-i-noor diamond in one of those suave evil roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Slow start but fast finish.

Program Notes: *After winning last year's Oscar, Mercedes had fourteen pictures offered her. She chose this one because, "It offered me an opportunity for a strong dramatic performance I could sink my teeth into." She does her own singing, an outstanding number called "Summer Rains." Her hobby is taking trips to the ends of the earth, until her money runs out. Hollywood hopes she will content herself with a more simple hobby now, say, knitting . . . In real life John Ireland is married to Joanne Dru, who was once married to Dick Haymes. But in his professional life John is married to the theater . . . Emlyn Williams is a noted British actor and playwright. Among the plays he has written are "Night Must Fall" and "The Corn Is Green."*

shadow

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 7. For Best Pictures of the Month and

Perilous journey: Douglas Fairbanks, Glynis Johns, Herbert Lom in suspenseful story of a mid-European manhunt

✓✓½ (F) State Secret (Columbia)

ONE of the best thrillers of the year, this British-made adventure story will hold you breathless.

Douglas Fairbanks is an American surgeon who is pressured into visiting the mid-European country, *Vosnia,* supposedly to receive a scientific award. The real reason for the invitation is the "state secret" and we won't give it away here. When Fairbanks learns the Minister of Public Services intends to liquidate him, rather than risk his revealing his knowledge, he is faced with the impossible task of escaping from a country in which he is a stranger. An exciting chase follows. Glynis Johns is delightful as the music-hall entertainer who befriends Fairbanks; Herbert Lom furnishes comic relief as a black-marketeer and Jack Hawkins is a pleasantly villainous Minister of Public Services.

Your Reviewer Says: See it.

Program Notes: *For obvious reasons, the country in which the action takes place was given the mythical name of* Vosnia, *but the film was shot in Central Italy in the vicinity of the beautiful Dolomite Mountains. Georgina Shield of the London School of Languages was called upon to create the* Vosnian *tongue spoken throughout the film. This "language" evolves from Estonian, Czech, Hungarian and Finnish. Miss Shield admits, however, that fifty per cent of it was her own invention. She created a dictionary of 1,000 words and the entire cast was so intrigued they went around chatting* Vosnian *between scenes. Jack Hawkins impressed American movie-goers by his portrayal of* Tris *in "The Black Rose." Glynis Johns, one of the most popular young actresses in England, was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox to appear in their English-made "No Highway" which stars Jimmy Stewart.*

Teen-age turmoil: Summer vacationers Phyllis Kirk, Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell become easy targets for Cupid

✓✓ (F) Two Weeks with Love (M-G-M)

HERE'S a gay tuneful follow-up to that popular hit of a few months back, "Nancy Goes to Rio." Bubbly Jane Powell and Ricardo Montalban, tops as a Latin lover, make Technicolor romance and music at a summer resort in the Catskills in the good old un-neurotic days of 1913. Jane's Mama and Papa (Ann Harding and Louis Calhern) feel that their seventeen-year-old daughter is much too young for moonlight and Cubans, but Jane has ideas of her own. In fact, this is Jane's first serious screen romance with a real leading man. Phyllis Kirk, a juvenile vamp, also falls hard for the handsome young Cuban. (Ricardo, natch) who's visiting *Kissamee-in-the-Catskills.* Jane's fourteen-year-old sister (Debbie Reynolds) and her two brothers (Gary Gray and Tommy Rettig) are certainly no help to their romantic-minded big sister.

Your Reviewer Says: Nostalgic and gay.

Program Notes: *M-G-M is grooming Debbie Reynolds for those big juicy Judy Garland roles—Debbie was born in El Paso, Texas, where her father was a carpenter for the Southern Pacific Railroad. When she was eight the family moved to Burbank, California. During her high school days she played the French horn with the Burbank Youth Symphony, doubled on the bass violin, and twirled a mean baton. In 1948 she entered the "Miss Burbank" beauty contest in which she gave an imitation of Betty Hutton. This won her a Warner contract and the role of June Haver's sister in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady." Debbie is an habitué of the ice cream parlor run by Jane Powell's father . . . Phyllis Kirk, from the New York stage, is another sure winner in the New Faces derby . . . This is Jane's first costume picture, and she had a heck of a time adjusting herself to a period corset.*

stage

BY LIZA WILSON

✓✓✓ outstanding
✓✓ good
✓ fair
F—for the whole family
A—for adults

Best Performances See Page 85. For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 6.

✓✓ (F) Two Flags West (20th Century-Fox)

THREE soldiers who want to marry her have lucky Linda Darnell in a whirl in this 1860 Western, which is well equipped with sex, scenery, music and the bloodiest Indian attack you have seen in many a day. Joseph Cotten, a Confederate colonel, and a group of prisoners of war join up with the Union Cavalry to help hold the Western frontier against the Indians. When the Confederate troop, accompanied by Union Captain Cornel Wilde, reach Fort Thorn in New Mexico, they find the fort in charge of a bitter and frustrated rebel-baiter, Major Jeff Chandler. They also find Linda, a young widow who wants to return to California. She is being detained by the Major who is secretly in love with her. Joe and Cornel also find the lovely Linda mighty attractive. There's much friction between the Southerners and the Yankees, but when the Kiowa Indians attack they join forces to save their scalps—and Linda. The exciting climax is guaranteed to chill the spine of the most avid outdoor action film addict.

Your Reviewer Says: Rebels vs. Yankees vs. Indians.

Program Notes: *While on location in New Mexico, an occasional dynamite blast proved very disconcerting and completely out of character. Came from Los Alamos, the United States Atomic Commission's town, some twenty-two miles away . . . This is Linda's first Western since 1946. Linda boasts a strain of Cherokee blood and she and the Tewa Indians got along beautifully. She visited near-by Taos, where an artist colony has been established, and bought several acres of land. Plans to build an adobe style ranch-house there . . . Jeff Chandler (Apache chieftain* Cochise *in "Broken Arrow") recently was one of the winners in Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" poll. The studio wardrobe department revealed that Jeff is the biggest male star in Hollywood. The 6 foot, 4 inch, 210-pounder required special uniforms, size 46, and custom-made boots, size 13 . . . Joe Cotten is one of the horse-shy actors of Hollywood. But Robert Adler, an expert horseman employed by the studio, taught Joe to ride in two days. He led the cavalry charge right along with Cornel.*

✓✓ (A) The Sound of Fury (Stillman-U. A.)

THIS hard-hitting film, which deals with lynching and mob violence, is certainly not for the squeamish. Its theme is that, no matter how terrible the crime committed, the mob which seeks to punish by violence commits a far greater crime. Frank Lovejoy plays a GI, an occupational misfit, who like thousands of other GIs after the last war, finds everything he needs in California except what he needs most—a job. In an effort to support his wife and child (Kathleen Ryan and Donald Smelick) he teams up with a psychotic hoodlum (Lloyd Bridges) in a series of hold-ups and, eventually, a kidnapping. In an insane rage Bridges brutally murders the kidnapped boy. Raw drama, this. Richard Carlson plays a columnist who incites a mob to madness and savagery by his newspaper articles. Adele Jergens and Katherine Locke are two beauty-parlor operators who accompany the criminals on a night-club spree.

Your Reviewer Says: No punches pulled.

Program Notes: *Frank Lovejoy is a top ranking radio actor who made his screen debut in "Home of the Brave." Now under contract to Warners he is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's most popular young actors . . . This is Kathleen Ryan's first American picture. Red-haired and Dublin-born she was discovered by Carol Reed who gave her her first important movie role, opposite James Mason in "Odd Man Out" . . . When he isn't acting on the stage or in pictures (last picture "King Solomon's Mines") Richard Carlson keeps busy writing magazine articles, plays and novels . . . Bachelor-girl Adele Jergens claims she is by disposition a stay-at-home-play-at-home girl who lives with her mother and dog, and likes it. But on the screen she has become known as the foremost exponent of gay girls with only one venture into virtue ("Sugarfoot") in recent years. Adele was formerly a New York showgirl and got her fill of night life and night clubs before she came to the West Coast . . . In this film Katherine Locke makes her first screen appearance since 1948, when she married Norman Corwin, radio writer, director and producer.*

✓✓ (F) Never a Dull Moment (RKO)

WHEN a sophisticated songwriter finds herself with a lapful of big handsome cowboy at a New York rodeo, what happens? Naturally they fall madly in love, get married, and their friends give their marriage six months. Irene Dunne as the lady and Fred MacMurray as the cowhand, in their first co-starring picture since "Invitation to Happiness," make a mighty funny comedy team. Irene suddenly finds herself the mistress of a run-down ranch near *Juniper Junction,* and the mother of two smarty-pants kids (Natalie Wood and Gigi Perreau). Her biscuits rise like Old Faithful and her horseback riding lands her in a mudhole. Andy Devine and Chester Conklin are ranchhands, and William Demarest is the nasty neighbor who is furious at Irene when she accidentally shoots his prize bull. Philip Ober is the suave New Yorker who gallantly comes to Irene's rescue—and gets a punch in the nose.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for laughs.

Program Notes: *Irene Dunne wanted a whirl at a comedy, and this one gives her a merry whirl indeed. It also gives her an opportunity to sing several songs. Although she has been turning out tiptop performances in Hollywood for seventeen years, Irene has never won an Academy Award; probably because her roles are never flamboyant and flashy. Her friends are hoping that her Queen Victoria will win her an Oscar come award time—but she'll have stiff competition with Gloria Swanson ("Sunset Boulevard") and Bette Davis ("All About Eve") . . . At the finish of this picture Fred dashed off, as he always does, to his ranch at Healdsburg, California. Fred isn't a "gentleman farmer." His ranch is a thriving business enterprise. At the recent Pomona Fair his cattle won fourteen first prizes and one grand prize. He's considered one of the leading cattle (Shorthorns) breeders in the country.*

✓½ (F) Cry Danger (Olympic-RKO)

DICK POWELL and Rhonda Fleming are the stars of this cops-and-robbers murder mystery. Dick, in a part that fits him like that old shoe, plays a former bookie who is framed into San Quentin for a murder and a hold-up he didn't commit. Five years later, a Marine veteran (Richard Erdman) with an eye to getting a chunk of the $100,000 loot, alibis Dick for the fatal night, and helps him get his pardon. Dick, hellbent for revenge, arrives in Los Angeles, moves into a trailer camp with the Marine, and starts his campaign to smoke out the real murderer. In doing so he encounters some pretty shady characters, also, his pal's wife, Rhonda of the luscious figure. Regis Toomey plays a police detective who knows that the alibi is a phony. William Conrad, a fat man, makes one of the best obnoxious gangsters of the year, and blonde Jean Porter stands out as a brassy little B-girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Interesting.

Program Notes: *Rhonda Fleming had several cases of crying hysterics on the set and the director and cast were just about to label her "Miss Temperament of 1950" when she rushed off to the hospital to have her appendix yanked. Under normal conditions Rhonda is a sweet-tempered girl who likes to cook, go to movies and play games with her young son . . . Dick and June Allyson are expecting their first child any minute now. They have a little adopted daughter named Pamela who's as cute as a button. 'Tis said that Dick put quite a bit of his own money into this picture . . . Remember the paraplegic in "The Men" who needled Marlon Brando. Here he is again, and giving another fine performance as the Marine out to make a fast buck.*

✓✓ (F) Highway 301 (Warners)

THE studio ripped the plot of this harsh, fast-action gangster film right out of the headlines of the Atlantic Coast newspapers. Based on the robberies and killings of the notorious Tri-State Gang, which recently spread terror in Richmond, Washington and North Carolina, the picture is semi-documentary and, naturally, quite exciting. The top members of the mob (their real names are used) are played by Steve Cochran, Robert Webber, Wally Cassell and Richard Egan. Their girl friends are Aline Towne and Gaby Andre. Virginia Grey plays Cassell's wife. The picture gets off to a fast start when the boys wearing Hallowe'en masks (*a la* Brink bandits) hold up the Merchants National Bank of Winston-Salem.

Your Reviewer Says: Real cops and robbers.

Program Notes: *Producer Bryan Foy has a theory that nothing is more exciting than the news. The brutal activities of the Tri-State Gang caught his fancy, and he rushed them to the screen, with the help of the FBI. The bandits serving long prison terms talked freely, and so the film has ample local color . . . Steve Cochran, who plays the leader, was recently seen as a smooth underworld character in Joan Crawford's "The Damned Don't Cry." Robert Webber, who plays* William Phillips, *is a big good-looking New York actor who is also on television . . . Richard Egan, who plays the getaway driver, was formerly a drama professor at the University of San Francisco . . . The studio picked Gaby Andre, a pretty little French actress, with numerous roles to her credit in European films, to play one of the gun molls,* Lee Fontaine, *in real life a Canadian girl . . . Virginia Grey is well known to movie-goers as an efficient actress, and the former girl friend of Clark Gable.*

✓½ (F) Walk Softly, Stranger (RKO)

ALIDA VALLI and Joseph Cotten, the two shining lights of "The Third Man," are united again in this romantic melodrama. There's no zither this time. But they make beautiful love without it. Joe plays a small-time crook who takes a room at Spring Byington's boarding house in Ashton, Ohio, and persuades her that he is a former native of the town. He establishes character by getting a job in the local factory, and gives a big rush to his employer's daughter (Valli). With a pal (Paul Stewart) he arranges to pull one last job, and they nick gambler Howard Petrie for a hefty (*Continued on page* 85)

SUDDEN CHILL?

Sudden changes of temperature, like wet feet, cold feet, and drafts, may reduce body resistance so that germs in the throat can make trouble.

YOU START SNEEZING!

That sneeze or cough is usually a hint that a cold may be on its way, and that you'd better do something about it.

THESE "BUGS" MAY INVADE THROAT

These "bugs" in throat go into action . . . They are called Secondary Invaders . . . can attack tissue and cause much of the misery associated with colds, say numerous authorities.

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*QUICK!*—for Colds and Sore Throat

a safe, direct way with no dangerous side-effects

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC, gargled early and often, may entirely head off a cold, or sore throat due to a cold —or lessen its severity, once started.

It has been doing that year after year. Careful tests made over a twelve-year period, showed that there were fewer colds and sore throats, and generally milder ones, for those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day than for those who did not gargle. That is understandable.

Kills Secondary Invaders

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill, by millions, the threatening germs doctors call Secondary Invaders . . . the ones responsible for most of a cold's misery. It attacks them before they attack you . . . halts mass invasion of the tissue.

Tests showed germ reductions ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

So, whatever else you do, at the first sign of a sniffle, or cough, or a scratchy throat, start with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may spare yourself an unpleasant siege of trouble. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis*

P

That Belvedere Man

whose phenomenal wit
(SITTING PRETTY)

and phenomenal genius
(BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE)

and phenomenal prowess
(CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN)

stunned a nation . . . **now moves heaven and earth . . . with laughter!**

for Heaven's Sake

20th CENTURY-FOX

CLIFTON WEBB · JOAN BENNETT · ROBERT CUMMINGS · EDMUND GWENN

JOAN BLONDELL · GIGI PERREAU · JACK LA RUE · VON ZELL · HARRY TOMMY RETTIG

Directed by GEORGE SEATON · Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

Written for the screen by GEORGE SEATON • From a play by HARRY SEGALL

which of these movies have you seen?

On this page you will find a list of pictures which were among those shown at your neighborhood theater during the past year. The editors of Photoplay would like to know which of these pictures you went to see. Will you check those you have seen and mail the list to Photoplay Magazine 205 E. 42 Street New York 17, N. Y.

Barricade
Cinderella
Dear Wife
Devil's Doorway
Father of the Bride
Key to the City
Man on the Eiffel Tower
My Friend Irma Goes West
Nancy Goes to Rio
No Sad Songs for Me
Our Very Own
Slattery's Hurricane
So Young So Bad
Stage Fright
Sword in the Desert
The Big Lift
The Black Rose
The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady
The Happy Years
The Men
The Petty Girl
The Sleeping City
Wagonmaster
Winchester '73

Your Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____

Thank You

Fred Sammis

P

The girl who leads with her heart is in the headlines again. The reason is a story—that goes back into her past

BY TOM CARLILE

WHAT will be the outcome of the Ava Gardner-Frank Sinatra romance?" That's Hollywood's favorite question. Will this romance end as suddenly and dramatically as it began? Or will it continue to entangle Ava and Frank in such gossip as already has been injurious to their careers?

Ava never has truly understood the significance of her position as a celebrity. Always she has protested that she would prefer to live a secluded personal life with no need to justify her behavior to anyone. In fact, it's only in the last few months that she has come to realize that she's now far too important in Hollywood's scheme of things to expect any such privacy.

There's no mystery about Ava's attraction for Frank or his attraction for her. When Frank wants to he can be tender, thoughtful and generous—all the things that Ava wants above all. (*Continued on page* 84)

THE TRUTH ABOUT

As Mrs. Mickey Rooney, unknown Ava acquired clothes, glamour—and a sense of insecurity

As Mrs. Artie Shaw, she discovered new books and sophistication—and got an inferiority complex

AVA

For a time, practical, matter-of-fact Howard Duff seemed to help her become more realistic

Will Frank Sinatra end her quest for happiness or will this romance jeopardize her career?

Color portrait by Engstead

Liz and Nick speak for themselves

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Nicky is giving Liz a bad time! They're spoiled! The marriage won't last! That's what people are saying. But this reporter went to the Hiltons and got the truth

I'M GOING on record right here and say in spite of all that has been printed and hinted I believe the marriage of Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton will last!

Six weeks ago I wouldn't have given you a North Korean nickel for their chances.

And I am not being gullible nor easily taken in by the fact that these two youngsters have just left my house after talking two hours with me and telling me straight from the shoulder the problems they have weathered—and are still weathering.

I realize very clearly that Nick came to see me with Elizabeth because she asked him to come with her. In the beginning, I am sure he was reluctant to beard the lioness (me) in her den for he obviously had a chip on his shoulder when he first walked into the room. (*Continued on page* 78)

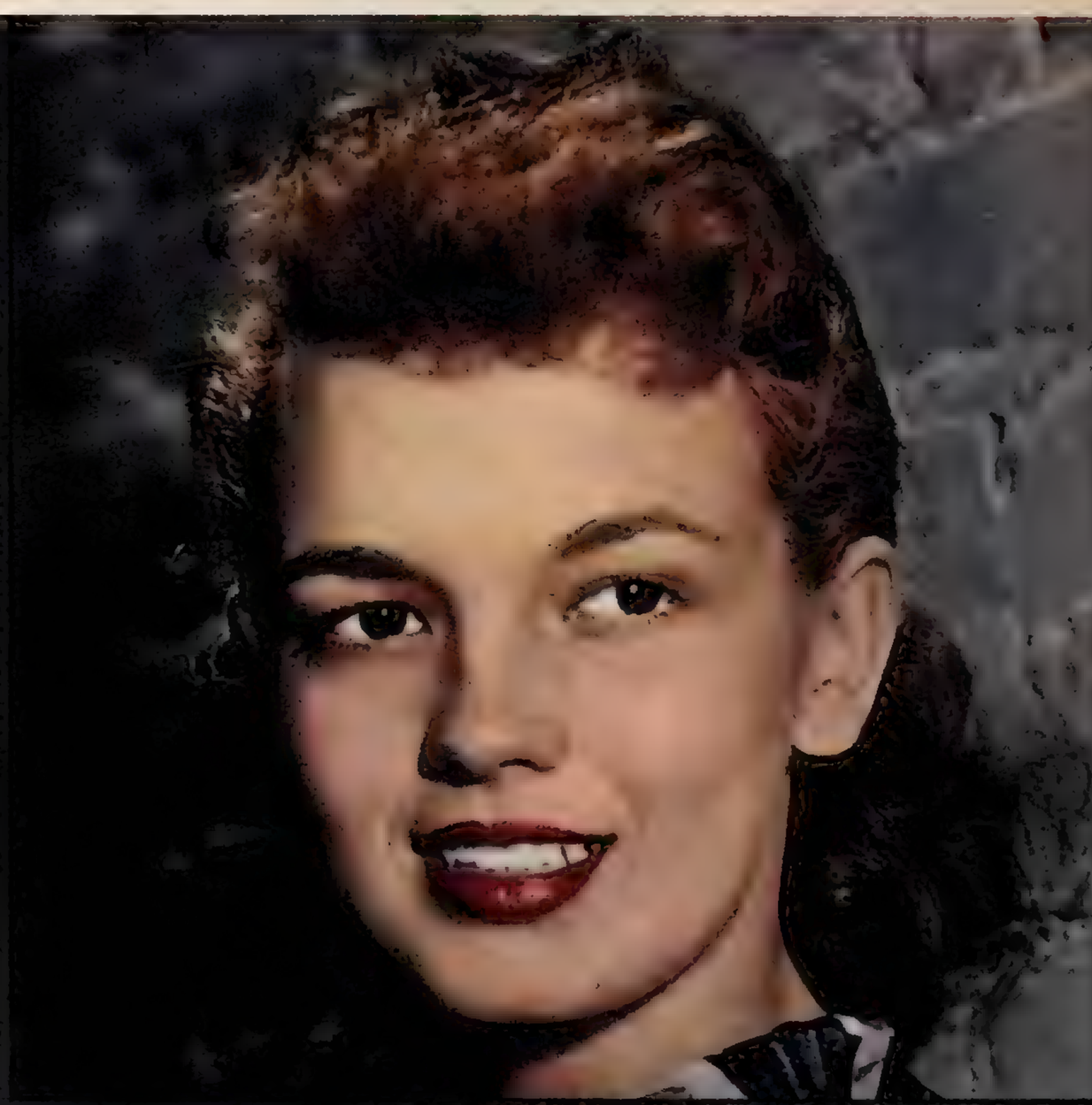
Liz, with her pet poodle, Banco, is now working in "Father's Little Dividend"

"The whole world knows every time we quarrel and gets in the ring with us like a referee at a prize fight," says Nicky

Be natural—or DYE

Six Fink and Smith

Pat Neal



Joan Evans

Fink and Smith

Fink and Smith

Above: The difference the dye makes!

Below: As they are naturally

MONA FREEMAN still giggles when somebody recalls how uniquely glamorous she looked at Betty Hutton's candlelight ball. On that enchanted evening, every beauty in Hollywood was in competition with every other beauty. But tiny Mona, arriving in a gown of bluish-gray chiffon, was the sudden center of all eyes. Cute Mona wasn't cute

You can wash that glamour right into your hair. But there's more than one way to do it. These Hollywood girls have all the answers you need

BY VICKY RILEY

Fink

Jane Wyman

Kornman

Linda Darnell

Six

Smith

that night; she was mysterious. Beauty whispered to beauty, "What's with little Freeman tonight? She's got something she's never had before."

For Mona had the softest blue color in her naturally golden hair. In the gentle light of the candles it gave her the same soft flattery that the blue-gray of her floating chiffon gown gave to her.

And the wonderful part of it was that Mona had that color of hair only since four o'clock that afternoon and she was her natural blonde self again the next morning just as soon as she had a shampoo. It was a simple rinse that gave her hair that soft blue sheen.

Dyes, tints, rinses—they all change the color of your hair. And they're all the (*Continued on page* 82)

Judy Garland's future in movies depends — on her change of mind. At right, with Liza

People with long memories will understand why Greg Bautzer won't be wed. Below, with date Jane Wyman

WILL Shirley Temple marry Charles Black? Can the Elizabeth Taylor-Nicky Hilton marriage survive? Is there a film future for Judy Garland? How about Peter Lawford and Sharman? What goes with Lana Turner, Bette Davis, Ingrid Bergman and Rita Hayworth? Will Jane Wyman succeed where Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford failed? Are there wedding bells ringing in Farley Granger's future?

Come closer, kiddies. It's time to trot out the annual Graham crystal ball and make with the movie star predictions for the New Year, 1951.

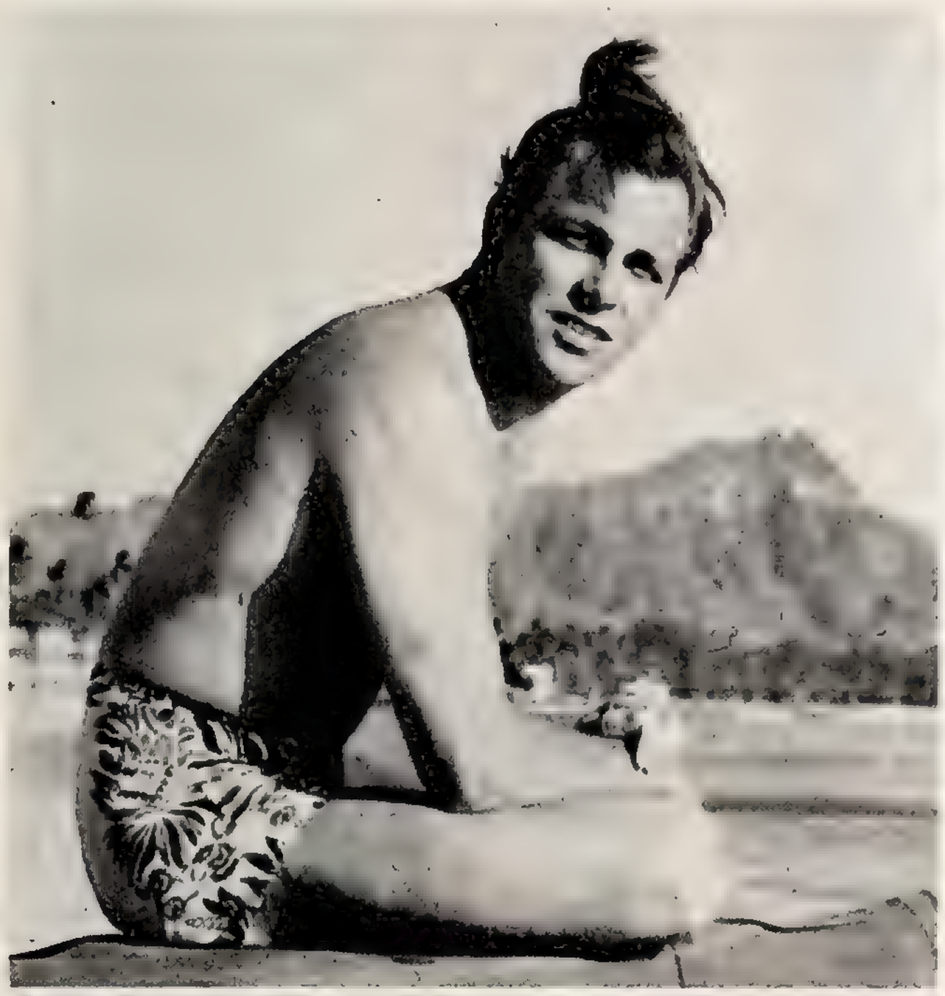
Yes, I see a wedding for Shirley Temple and Charles Black. The date may have been announced by the time you read this. But I'll be brave and go out on a limb. New Year's Day? Of course you (*Continued on page 72*)

I predict...

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Better keep this for future reference. That Graham girl has a lot to say—about what is going to happen to some stars

Howard Keel, the singing star of "Showboat," will have reason to remember that picture



Roy Rogers, with wife Dale Evans—you'll be seeing him on another screen, says Sheilah

Peter Lawford and Sharman Douglas are silent about their future plans—but the telephone isn't

Tony Curtis, with Jane Powell and Janet Leigh, has a number one spot waiting for him in 1951

"Big things don't bother me—there's always a reason for the big things"

"I feel stupid sitting in night clubs like a wet owl"

lonely joe

BY IDA ZEITLIN

He's often tagged a sad sack. That's because Audie Murphy's out to lick the loneliness that hems him in

THERE'S an impression around that Audie Murphy hates Hollywood. It's a false impression. He's the kind of man who, if he hated Hollywood, wouldn't be working there.

He enjoys the actual making of pictures, and wants to make them well. Failure in anything goes against the grain with him. "Kansas Raiders," his latest, is the one he felt most at home with—because of the locale and Ray Enright, an easy natural director.

What disturbs him is the uncertainty between pictures. Clear and definite in his own (*Continued on page* 79)

"Maybe I demand too much . . . all I know is I can't settle for less"

Audie Murphy of "Kansas Raiders" likes dogs, horses, skeet shooting

Smith and Ornitz

A Woman's History

the life story of Ruth Roman

BY SHIRLEY KANTOR

IT WAS a year ago this January that Jack Warner announced Ruth Roman had been made a star. But she wants to be more than just a star. She wants to be a great actress. "I still have so much to learn," she confides with genuine humility, "but one thing I *do* know. If I never do anything else from here on in, I have the satisfaction of knowing I did exactly what I set out to do when I came out here—to stay until I proved myself, no matter how tough it got to be."

The most incredible part of all this was that Ruth herself was practically the last person in the studio to learn the news of her star status.

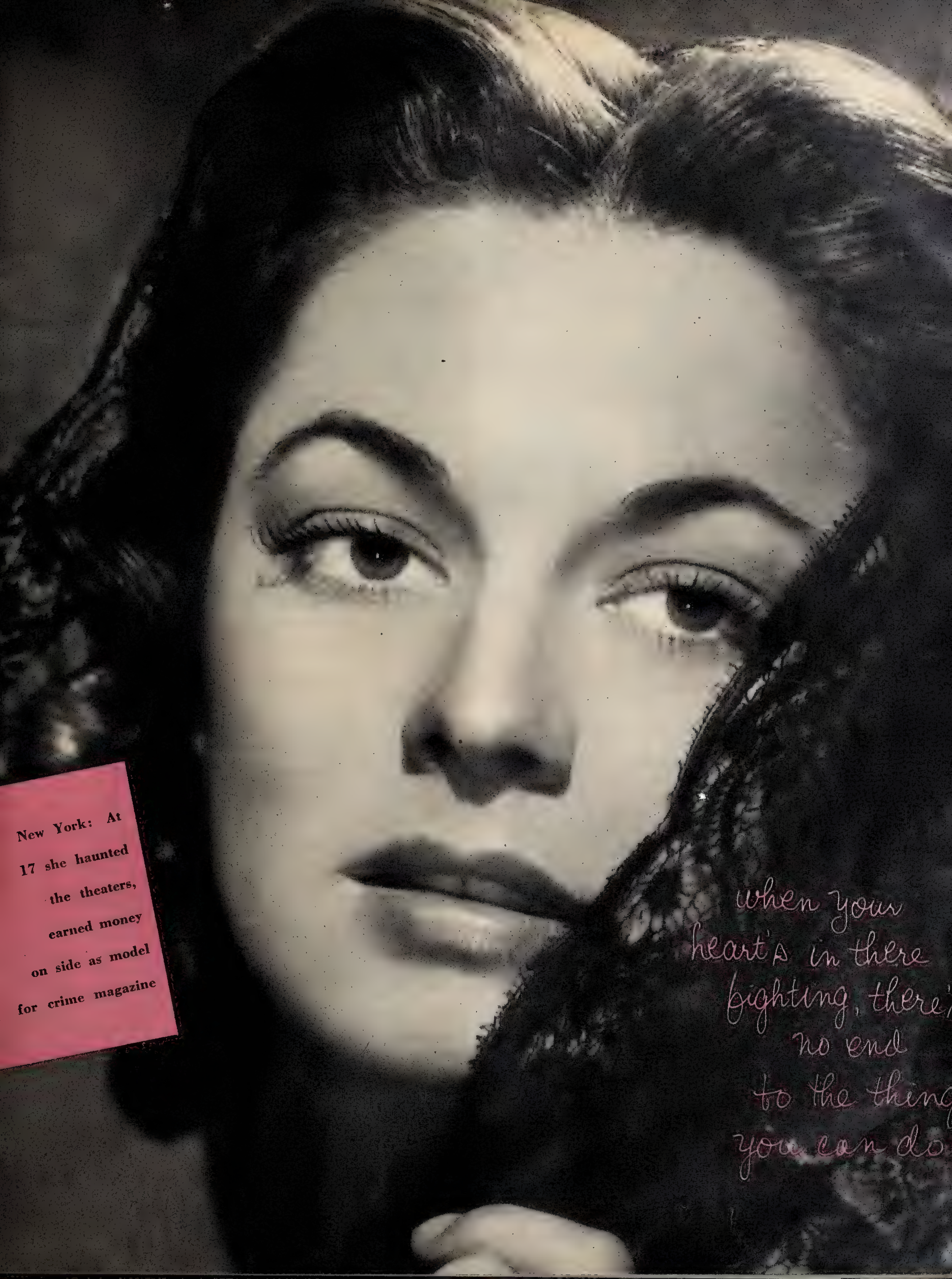
She walked into the commissary that day for coffee, attired in a pair of shabby blue jeans, her costume for her role in "Colt 45," and she was startled to see the entire table of writers rise in a body and salute her.

Now the writers, as Ruth well knew, seldom get up for anything. They aren't table-hoppers and they are usually too absorbed in conversation to notice who comes or goes.

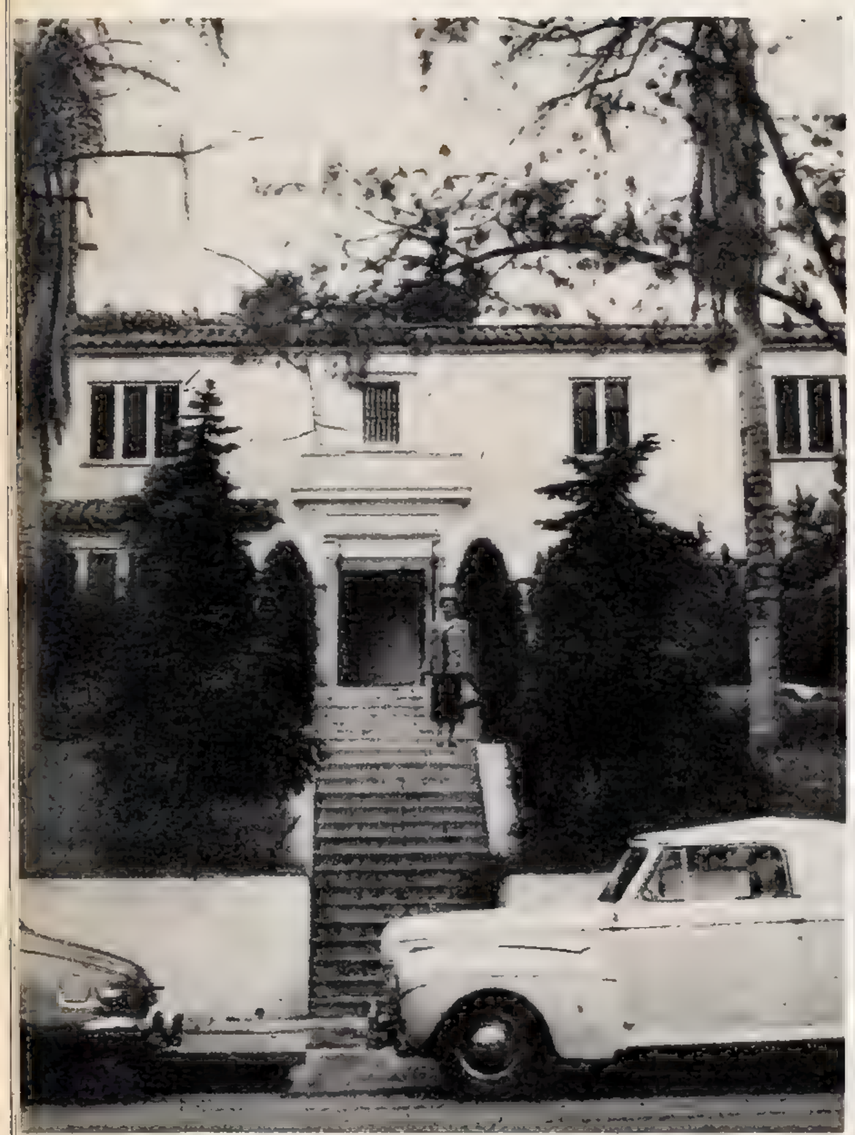
"Have you boys gone crazy or something?" she asked delicately. But she didn't get a straight answer until minutes later when they were finally convinced she actually didn't

Boston: At 13, her persistence won her first role with local players' group

photoplay feature attraction


New York: At
17 she haunted
the theaters,
earned money
on side as model
for crime magazine
when your
heart's in there
fighting, there's
no end
to the thing
you can do

Roman history



"House of the Seven Garbos," where Ruth lived with six other hopefuls

There's a time limit on all calls. Blackboard is used for messages

Owner Marie Cote, center, with her girls. "My, she (Ruth) was noisy, but she never

know that she'd just been promoted to stardom.

And then she thought *they* were teasing until someone thrust a copy of the Reporter, a Hollywood trade paper, under her nose and showed her the announcement.

"It's strange," she said afterward, "how you dream about how great it will feel when you finally get on top, all the things you'll do, yet when it happens you're so involved with new problems, new struggles, that you don't have the time or the energy to wallow in your success."

It isn't likely that Ruth will ever find time to "wallow." She's a regular dynamo. The wonderful vitality that gives her acting such impact is one of her most outstanding characteristics.

"If you go to the beach with her," Janet Stewart, an ex-roommate, explains, "you can't just lie there in the sun. You have to run up and down the beach, or, if you walk, you have to read Shakespeare at the same time. Out loud, of course."

It is well known she plays a fierce game of tennis. Usually her opponents are clinging to the net for support when she is just hitting her stride. And even if she's losing the game, she puts up a fight that is almost appalling in its intensity.

"Brother, can that gal take a beating," one victorious opponent exclaimed in admiration.

In those days before she got her break in Hollywood, she probably took a lot more of a beating than anyone else around, because she would never give in. She wanted too hard and cared too much. "I was stubborn," she explains.

But it wasn't just stubbornness that carried her along. It wasn't even her ability, which was exceptional from the first. It was her incredibly sharp insight into her own emotions.

"I realized one day a long time ago that the toughest obstacle to overcome was me. I could take care of the outside things. It was the *inside* I had to control. If I can beat myself, I decided, I can beat anything."

Understanding that made quite a difference to Ruth. She learned how to judge herself, her situations, her companions with honesty and fairness. She has never blamed the world for her bad breaks, and if she has a tantrum, she knows it exactly for what it is. "Naturally, I

would prefer to think I am having a majestic tragedy, but that's 'hamming it up' and I know it."

Her mother was the first person to teach Ruth about self-control. Mrs. Roman didn't believe in crying over pain. She said it was just self-pity.

Early Roman history really began in Boston, where Ruth and her two older sisters, Ann and Eve, were born. Papa was the owner of a carnival sideshow. "It wasn't a very big one or a very fancy one," Ruth recalls, "but it was the most exciting thing in the world to me. I would hang around it hour after hour. I even hated to take the time to go home to lunch. I still get weak with nostalgia whenever I look at a merry-go-round."

Papa spieled the show, ran the business. Mama, who for reasons nobody remembers was dubbed "Suki" by the family, did everything else. It was terribly hard work for just two people, but there wasn't enough income to hire help. Suki never complained even though she had three small children and the household tasks to take care of as well.

"She had show business in her blood, too," Ruth explains proudly whenever she talks about her mother. "She was a wonderful dancer, and if she'd been given a chance she would have become a great one."

But there was no chance for Suki. Because Papa died before Ruth was even old enough to go to school, before the carnival had even begun to pay off those years of back-breaking devotion.

Suki couldn't run the show alone. The intricacies of business and finance were beyond her small power to add or subtract.

"Figuring up a grocery bill was about as much as she could handle," Ruth admits with amusement. Suki sold the show shortly after her husband's death. It was the only thing she could do. There was no money in the bank, and a family that had to be fed every day. She didn't dare (*Continued on page* 73)

inflicted her temper on the other girls"

The fruits of victory: Ruth celebrated first starring role in "Lightning Strikes Twice" with a swimming pool of her own

With steady beau, Bill Walsh. Now Ruth has found her niche, she's ready to think of romance

Look different. Feel different. Be

different. Reach into this exciting bag of

tricks that changed just-average pretty girls into

the lovely stars they are today

star secrets of

HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR

IT IS with pride that the editors of Photoplay present—for the first time—an encyclopedia of Hollywood's favorite make-up, beauty, hair, personality, posture, fashion, diet, exercise and charm secrets. The information available from studio experts on these subjects is, of course, unlimited. Here, however, are published only those glamour hints which the stars, after many experiments, include in their daily routines:

1. **Lana Turner:** *I put on all my make-up with a sponge.* I wet the sponge thoroughly and then squeeze it out very well. I put on pan-stik with this damp sponge and smooth it out until it's practically unnoticeable. I don't like a thick look. Then I wash out the sponge, squeeze it out again and while it's still damp put on dry rouge with it. I do this very delicately to get a sort of water-color effect. I wash out the sponge again and, squeezing it *very* dry, put on powder with it. The excess powder I brush off with cotton pads. I never use my fingers to apply make-up. This, I think, enlarges the pores.

2. **Terry Moore:** I do think when you first start using lipstick it is important to learn to use it correctly. *I use a lipstick brush.* They use these (*Continued on page* 66)

Left to right: Joan Evans, Diana Lynn, Mona Freeman, Susan Hayward, Sally Forrest, Joan Bennett, Jeanne Crain, Joan Fontaine, Gloria Swanson, Janet Leigh, Loretta Young, Ruth Roman, Jane Powell, Ann Blyth, Lana Turner, Vera-Ellen, Jane Wyman, Arlene Dahl, Ava Gardner, Ginger Rogers

photoplay sneak previews

Washington takes a ribbing, a blonde gets a new deal and Broderick Crawford and Judy Holliday bring a Broadway hit to screen life

"BORN YESTERDAY"

Lawyer Howard St. John arranges meeting between junk dealer Brod Crawford, Senator Larry Oliver and wife Barbara Brown. Brod's girl, Judy Holliday, is no . . .

. . . social asset. Realizing she'll hamper his Washington ambitions, Brod hires Bill Holden, a writer, to give her a light touch of culture!

Brod and Judy rehearse for play version shown to studio employees only

WHEN "Born Yesterday" played on Broadway—where it was one of the greatest hits in years—Brod Crawford tried for the same role of *Harry Brock,* the millionaire junk dealer, that he now plays in the movie. Had Brod gotten this role, things would have been different. He would not have played his Oscar-winning role in "All the King's Men." And the chances are, he never would have been chosen to play *Brock* in the Columbia movie. For Judy Holliday, who was a great success in the Broadway play, wanted to play *Billie Dawn* again, in the worst way. But practically every actress in town was tested for the role before she was signed.

Stage-trained Judy missed audience laughter, so Director Cukor, with Bill, let crew listen

Soon she refuses to sign papers without reading them.

Judy, not as dumb as she sounds, learns fast. She buys books by the cartload, begins to think for herself. As nominal president of Brod's shady corporations, she had always signed any legal papers without question

Brod strikes her, orders her out of the apartment

Judy goes to Bill with proof of Brod's crookedness. On way back to hotel, Bill tells her he loves her

Brod, facing jail or Judy's terms, realizes she wasn't—born yesterday

Betty Hutton, who sparked the party in her "Let's Dance" costume, was hoarse for several days afterwards

oh,

All they think about is having a good time,

some say. Aren't they ever serious? ask others.

But the stars don't headline their reasons

—for giving the best parties of all

The rafters rang when Ann Miller and Van Johnson performed a Charleston

Committee members Esther Williams, Betty Hutton, Hedda Hopper at one of numerous rehearsals held before party

Mrs. Eddie Mannix, Jeanne Crain and Ann Blyth. Latter was one of cigarette girls

that horrible Hollywood!

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Jane Wyman's doll, dressed by Milo Anderson, went high! Auctioneer is Roy Rogers

Ben Gage fell for Esther Williams's doll, smartly swim-suited by Cole of California

Tony Curtis smiles at life-size doll—she's adorable Janet Leigh

Shelley Winters and Syd Chaplin made twosome at gay party which made $30,000 for charity

WHAT a month it has been for parties. You couldn't get an appointment at any of the leading beauty shops. Dressmakers took on extra seamstresses. The studio designers, who had dolls as well as girls to dress for one of the shindigs, were only a little short of being frantic.

Hollywood lived up to its name. It was one hundred per cent the fun-loving, partying town it so often is pictured. It also, if I'm to tell the whole truth, was Hollywood at its very best—going all out to support its favorite charities. And if you think the Hollywood girls are competitive about their star status, their appearance and their gentlemen—well, you should see them when they're running parties, for charity, especially.

At a cocktail party Betty Hutton cornered Sue Ladd. "Do you have your Whoop De Do tickets?" she asked.

"No," said Sue, "Alan and I . . ." But she got no further. Betty opened her bag and dropped two tickets into Sue's hand.

Phyllis, Faith, Ruth, Joyce, wait to dress for roles in fashion show

Assistants at Community Chest Tea Party: June Allyson, Esther Williams and Claudette Colbert

Joan Fontaine and Glenn Ford. He was guest speaker at benefit

oh, that horrible Hollywood!

Then, dipping into her bag again, she told Sue, "I have a better idea. You and Alan bring your own crowd, pay off some obligations. Here's eight more—tell Alan he owes me one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

Sue took the tickets. A gleam came into her eyes. Opening her bag she counted out ten tickets and pressed them upon Betty. "They're for the County Fair we're having out at our ranch for the Crutcher Chapter for Crippled Children. It's just before your Whoop De Do. Just mail your check."

The next night at Ciro's there was a fine to-do. Everybody saw them, both of them supposedly happily married to someone else—standing close, her arm on his shoulder, whispering, and she supposed to be his wife's best friend. They stood in the shadows, but as cars drove in they were headlighted momentarily.

At first people pretended not to notice. But after a while, after they got inside, they began talking . . . talking . . . talking. . . . Their talk continued, too, for days —until the man's wife, all innocence, laughingly told how she and the star who had been seen with the husband, had ganged up on the poor man, planned for the star to corner him outside Ciro's and tell him a sob story that would touch him so much that he would agree (*Continued on page* 81)

Stars on parade: Liz Taylor made a romantic entrance in Helen Rose's white organdy with picture hat

Faith Domergue, Howard Hughes's newest discovery, trailed huge sash of her Dior gown of royal and sapphire blue taffeta

Pert Phyllis Kirk swished her skirt to show dainty petticoat of Hattie Carnegie's two-tone turquoise gown

Preview of beauty at benefit tea and fashion show held at the Bel-Air home of hotel man Arnold Kirkeby. Above, back row: Nadine Connor, Nancy Davis, Nancy Guild, Carmen Miranda, Carol Greenwood, Phyllis Kirk, Faith Domergue and Audrey Totter. Second row, standing: Shirley Temple, Joyce McKenzie, Liz Taylor, Joyce Holden, Mrs. Harry Goetz. Seated: Virginia Field, Ruth Roman, Ann Miller

Shimmering sequin butterflies perch daintily on Ann Miller's "Social Butterfly" evening gown by Marusia. The skirt is layers of white net

Mona Freeman discarded her bobby-sox for riding chaps

You'll see Alan Ladd as a 'hard-riding, gun-totin' Texan

Two Ladds on location: Property men designed Mexican ring with hidden clasp to cover Alan's wedding ring

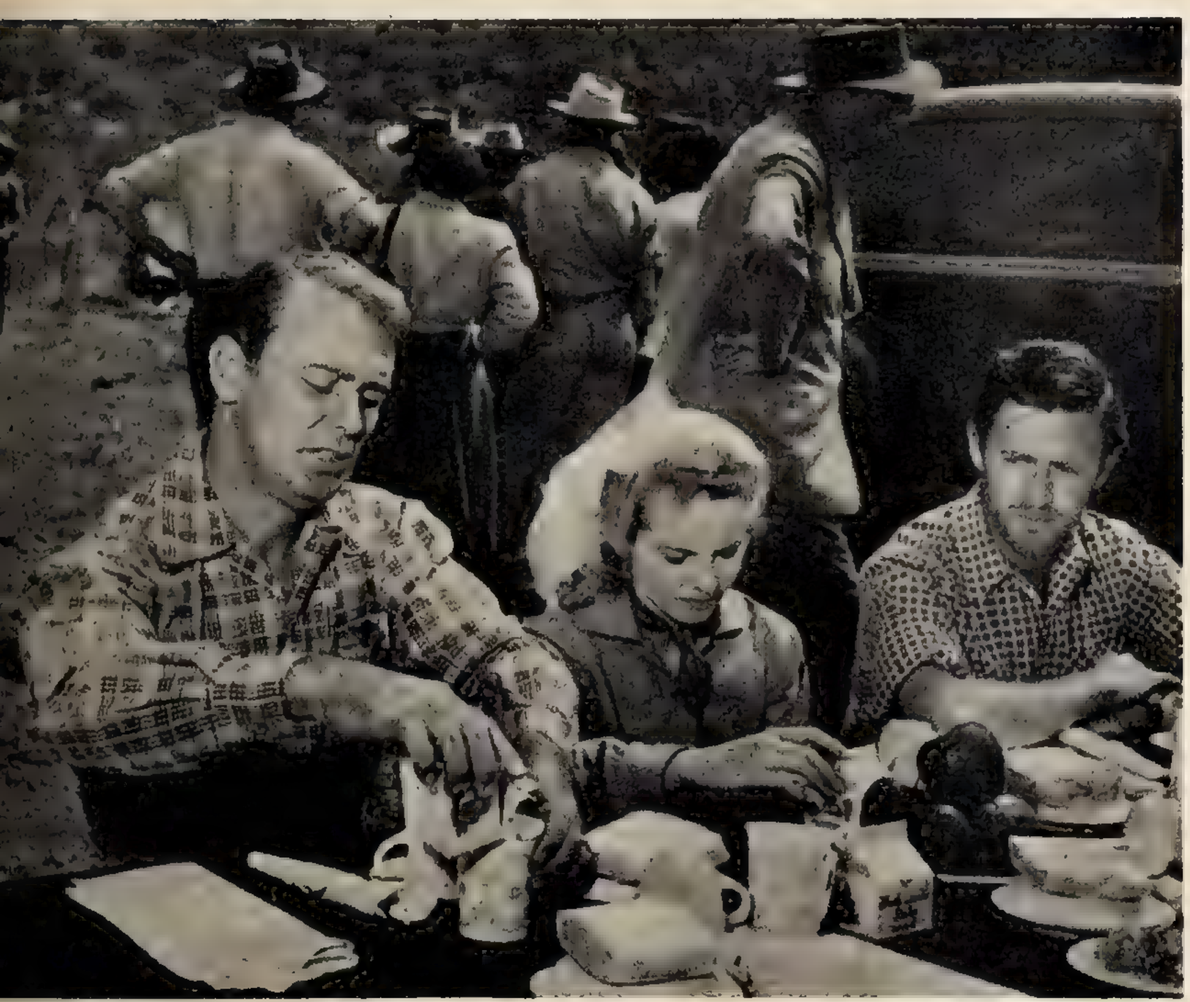
arizona ADVENTURE

Alan, Mona and director Rudy Mate enjoy well-earned rest. Troupe spent twelve rugged hours out in the open, daily

On location for Paramount's "Branded." The West was never wilder than the experiences of the cast off-screen!

IF YOU ask the cast of "Branded" they'll tell you *all* the world really is a stage. For scenes in this Alan Ladd Western they had to be lowered into Salt River Canyon, a junior-size Grand Canyon, with sheer 1,000-foot cliffs. They were nearly blinded by a dust storm, blistered by the sun, almost frozen in the mountains. But even the hazards of rounding up 500 wild steers couldn't scare them out of the time of their lives.

Getting mike in right position is tough outdoors. Rudy, dialogue director Jim Vincent check Alan's, Mona's voices



Burning sun plagued cast, gave Alan slight sunstroke. Ex-Marine fighter pilot Peter Hansen, Paramount "find," right of Mona, had his eyes swollen almost shut

Daily "rushes" were shown every night at hotel. In front of Sue is Charles Bickford, who plays role of '90's cattle rancher. Far right is producer Mel Epstein

Her parents' home—gay with pink shutters, geraniums

Some girls leave home. But Barbara Lawrence found the apartment she wanted—right in her own bedroom

A ROOM OF

Blonde wood desk, opposite love seat, provides needed working space. Bed, below right, has white spread to match rug and is tucked inconspicuously into a corner

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios

THERE comes a time in the life of just about every young American girl when she decides that the most glamorous and exciting thing that could happen to her would be for her to have her own apartment. Consequently you'd think that a young girl, well known on the screen, would at the first possible moment try her wings and fly out of the parental nest into her own private abode. Some do—but not Barbara Lawrence, who was last seen in "Peggy."

"Why should I do that?" she asked. "My room at home is practically an apartment, and I don't have any of the chores of running my own place." But more important, she pointed out, was the fact that it's pretty nice to be with your own family, retaining privacy the while.

Barbara's room looks as though it really belongs to her, a decorating precept worth noting. The strong, yet young, colors of dark green, pink and hyacinth blue flatter her blonde loveliness, and this was no accident. Decorator Gwen Carde, who was doing the entire house, picked up the scheme from a favorite dressing-gown of Barbara's, one which was particularly becoming. Designed by Howard Greer, this dressing-gown is of a deep hyacinth blue wool, shot with silver threads, the collar and trim a watermelon pink. Among the fabrics which Miss Carde brought for Barbara to choose from (*Continued on page* 86)

Chintz draperies in living-room area of Barbara Lawrence's room cover corner windows. A favorite dressing-gown decided color scheme

Photographs by de Gennaro.

Giving a party in a tiny kitchen, on a tiny budget, didn't scare Sally Forrest. She just did what her mother taught her

Last minute preparations for supper. For buffet table centerpiece, Sally used Spode Lazy Susan loaned by fiance Milo Frank's mother

the forrest party plan

BY KAY MULVEY

Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen

Coleen Gray and Barbara Rush arrive early with their contributions to Sally's party

PARTIES are fun. And there's no reason not to give them—even if your kitchen space is limited and your budget and leisure time more limited still.

Sally Forrest refuses to be put off by any time, space or money problems. Says there's no need to. She gives pot-luck parties; an idea from her childhood, when her mother's guests would contribute one item each to the menu.

When Sally gave her last party, she didn't get in from the studio until after six o'clock. Quickly she showered, dressed and started setting tables. She wasn't quite ready when her guests arrived at seven. But the candles were lit, the flowers were arranged and there were peanuts, popcorn, pretzels and potato chips to nibble on. The fancy type of *hors d'oeuvres* Sally dismisses—they're too expensive to buy ready-made and it takes too long to prepare them.

When Milo Frank, Sally's fiance, arrived, she broke him in right by enlisting his help. Together, they piled the silver on a huge (*Continued on page* 83)

Sally made her guests comfortable at card tables, let them get up for second helpings

As a fortuneteller, Coleen won all hands! Barbara and Sally aren't missing a thing she's predicting for Rock Hudson

Mad hatters: During contest to see who made the best hat the girls decided agent Milo was in the wrong business. He won prize. Left, Rock, Bob Clarke, Jeffrey Hunter, Milo, Sally, Bob Patten, Barbara, Coleen

Our photographer catches up with the younger crowd

—and discovers he's having the time of his life

hollywood date night

Fox Hills Stables, where cowboy actors board their horses, features old-fashioned hay rides, moonlight canters. Lee McGregor, Joan Dixon preferred latter—more romantic

There's nothing like an ice cream binge at Wil Wright's, where young players like Barbara Lawrence, Johnny Sands forget calorie counts. As Angel-face says—it's heavenly!

Vanessa Brown drew Bob Patten as a partner in game at Art Linkletter's. Art, who put glamour into a bowling alley, is getting rich fast

Sentimental folk protested when The Cocoanut Grove tried to remodel —too many romances started there, as well as many big names. Andre Previn took best girl Phyllis Kirk there before he went into the Army

He was in the money, so Richard Long took Terry Moore dancing at Ciro's, plush night club, where lady patrons are gifted with trinkets

Popular filling station for hungry starlets is Eclair's, where music is served on the side with the pancakes and coffee. Concentrating on both are Betty Lynn, Roddy McDowall, Polly and Jerome Courtland

For fun and good food, Darryl Hickman, Allene Roberts, Scotty Beckett, Beverly Wills, Barbara Whiting, Bill Shirley congregate at The Village Green, which features New England dining room and quaint general store

Color pictures by Ornitz, Fink and Smith

IT'S Saturday night—anywhere, with a date set for fun at one of the regular hangouts. Whether you live in a country town, a village or a big city, you head for the neighborhood movie and a super soda afterwards. Or the bowling alley or skating at the local rink. Or maybe you try out some new steps at the place with the hottest band. Or, if a fellow's in the chips, it could be a big date at one of the glamour spots.

In Hollywood, the hangouts may have fancier names and the settings may be a little more slick—but they offer the same kind of fun. And romance, of course, is the same everywhere.

(For list of pictures in which these stars appear see page 72)

How A Star Is

You've arrived. You discover many things you hadn't expected as a star—

the loneliness that comes with fame, the financial problems, the ceaseless study. But you also find—it's the most exciting time of your life

Born

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

Kirk Douglas of "The Travelers" took it on the chin for two years before star role in "Champion"

A PLAYER is given star billing by a studio when that player can "carry a picture." This phrase means simply that the name appeal of the player has become great enough to attract audiences to the box office in sufficient numbers to return a satisfactory profit to the studio. A star must be able to "sell tickets."

Top stars in Hollywood may be divided (very roughly) into two groups: the *young arrived* who are the prime favorites of audiences between the ages of twelve and thirty, and the *secure players* who are favorites of audiences of any age; such players as Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Barbara Stanwyck, Olivia de Havilland, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby or Bob Hope.

To the uninitiated, the bestowing of stardom may seem as spectacular an event as commencement. Unfortunately, stardom is almost never accompanied by fanfare. Usually it happens in this way: One day a young player appears at the studio, after having made a series of pictures that had given him a chance to show to increasing advantage how well equipped he was. The player is told by a studio official, "The front office has decided to star you in your next picture. They're looking for a script which will be just right."

This would be great news if it weren't for the fact that—by the time the announcement is made—the player is well seasoned in Hollywood lore. He knows that months, possibly even a year, may go by, before the perfect script may be found.

John Derek's experience is almost typical: After his brilliant work in "Knock on Any Door" which rewarded him with stardom, he was idle for eighteen months before he was cast in his first starring vehicle, "Rogues of Sherwood Forest." True, he was drawing his modest salary during that time, but inactivity preys on a player's mind. An actor must act if he is to remain an actor.

Like many another well-prepared and talented newcomer, John had a background of character-building experience to call upon while he waited for his first starring picture. He had been (*Continued on page* 76)

Donald O'Connor of "Double Crossbones" kept his head and his money. Above with Gwen and Donna

Rated for stardom after "Knock on Any Door," John Derek of "The Hero" learned how to wait

A star can't afford to be satisfied. Anne Baxter of "All About Eve" spends weeks testing make-up, hairdos—has changed her eyebrows at least twenty times!

winter

wise

Jean Simmons, right, wears a charmingly casual sheath-type dress (you'd never guess it's the straight-up-and-down sack dress!) in 100 per cent wool jersey. Narrow gold belt cinches it in at the waist. Flattering V-neckline continues down the back. Brief bolero buttons at the neck. In almond, mauve, or powder blue, 10-16. $17.95 by Wedgewood Sports at Davison, Paxon, Atlanta, Ga., and Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis, Ind.

British star Jean Simmons is currently in Paramount's "Trio"

For store nearest you write to manufacturer listed on page 63

photoplay

FASHIONS

Patrice Wymore, in scene with Errol Flynn, wears original dress designed by Marjorie West for Warner's "Rocky Mountain"

As gay as New Year's is the Ciro adaptation of the Marjorie West dress worn by Pat Wymore, opposite page. In three pieces, the white oxford cotton man-tailored shirt has finely tucked bib front, $8.95; trim vest in vibrant red quilted jersey is $10.95; black velveteen skirt has front closing, unpressed pleat, $14.95. All in sizes 10-16, all at Bloomingdale stores. For foot comfort, Hollywood Skooters' black suede shell flats with square-cut vamp, $7.95

be a lady in the house

A lovely way to greet your friends at home —in rayon taffeta quilted robe with velvet collar, cuffs and buttons. Loose-fitting, with graceful flare at back, huge patch pockets, it's fully lined with rayon crepe. In Chinese red, gold or peacock, all with black velvet. Sizes 10-18. $14.95 by Loungees at G. Fox, Hartford, Conn., Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Evening enchantment: Oriental-styled lounging outfit has rayon quilted Coolie jacket with frog closing, side slits. Rayon crepe slacks are trim and tailored. In turquoise, rose, champagne or green mint, all with black slacks, lining and trim. Sizes 10-20, 9-15, $16.95 by Evelyn Pearson at Schuneman's, St. Paul, Minn., Auerbach's, Salt Lake City, Utah. Daniel Green's quilted satin slippers, $4.50

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturers listed on page 63

Model for these Photoplay fashions — lovely Frances Ramsden, who makes her first screen appearance in the RKO film "Mad Wednesday"

Dirone

YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

No Matter What Your Age or Type of Skin!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . . but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—have proved conclusively that *in just 14 days* a new method of cleansing with Palmolive Soap . . . using nothing but Palmolive . . . brings lovelier complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Just wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather onto your skin for 60 seconds each time . . . as you would a cream.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

It's these 60-second facials with Palmolive's rich and gentle lather that work such wonders.

Here's proof it works!

In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. Start this new Palmolive way to beauty tonight.

Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
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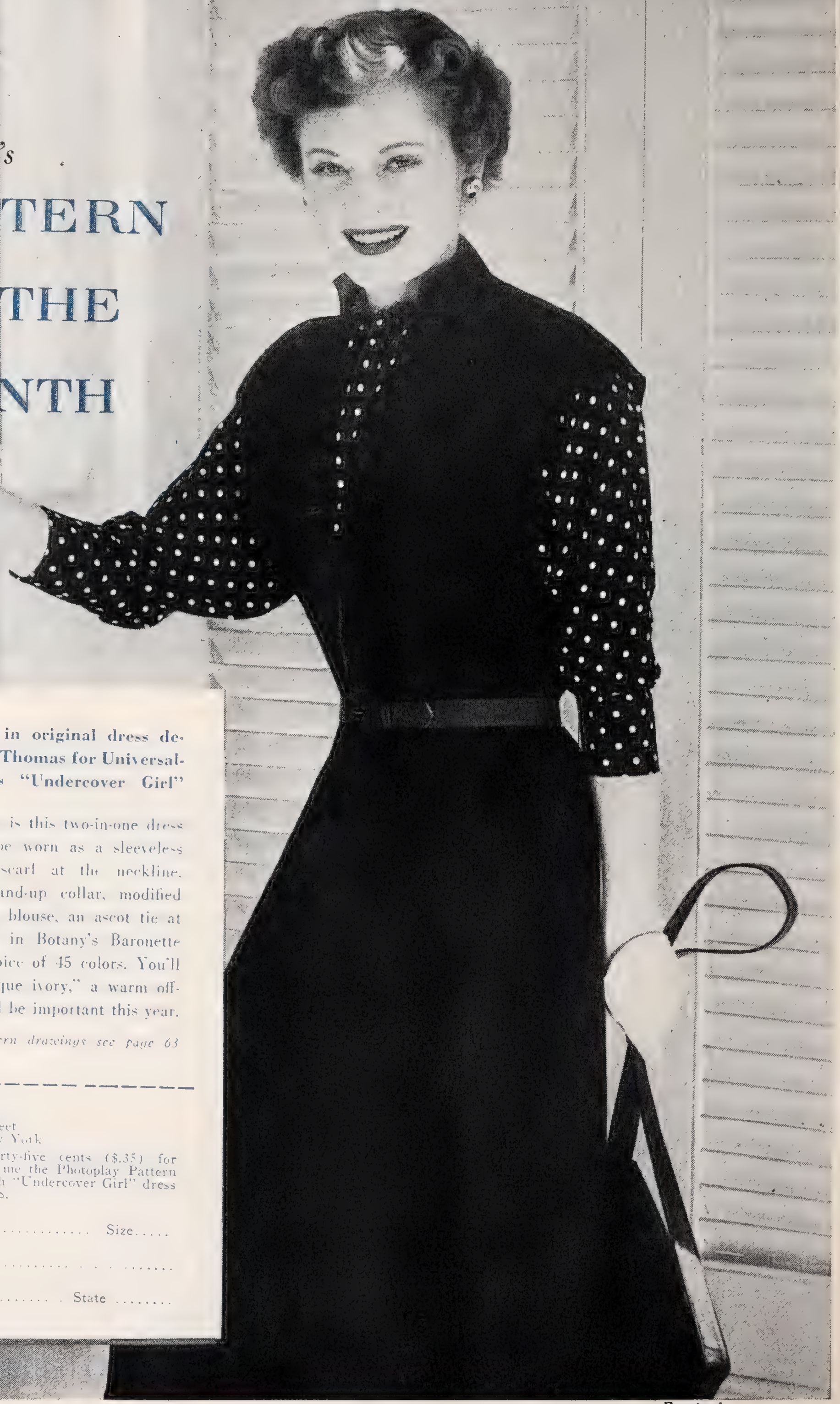
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

photoplay's

PATTERN OF THE MONTH



Alexis Smith in original dress designed by Bill Thomas for Universal-International's "Undercover Girl"

Doubly exciting is this two-in-one dress that also can be worn as a sleeveless dress with a scarf at the neckline. Jumper has stand-up collar, modified cape! sleeves; blouse, an ascot tie at neck. Make it in Botany's Baronette wool crepe—choice of 45 colors. You'll like their "antique ivory," a warm off-white which will be important this year.

For detailed pattern drawings see page 63

Photoplay Patterns
205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, New York

Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Alexis Smith "Undercover Girl" dress in sizes 12-14-16-18.

Name ..... Size.....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Engstead

Wherever you live you can buy

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Separates on Patrice Wymore
Ciro
530 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

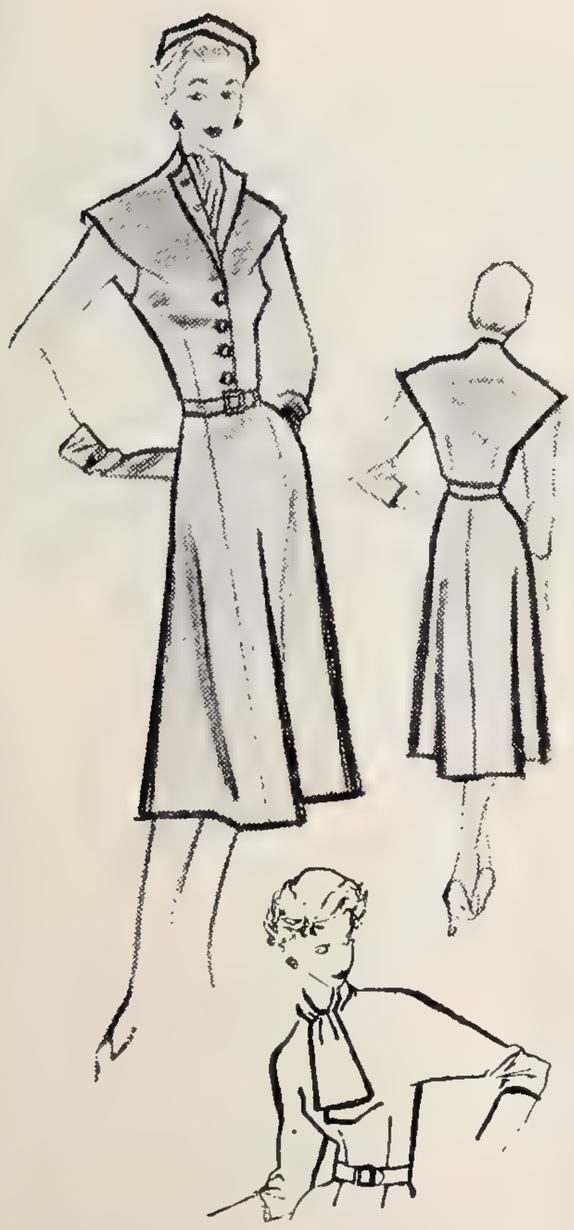
Black suede shoes
Hollywood Skooters
3616 S. San Pedro, Los Angeles, Cal.

Jersey dress with jacket
Wedgewood Sports
1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Quilted taffeta robe
N. Farah
392 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Quilted jacket and slacks
Evelyn Pearson
350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y .

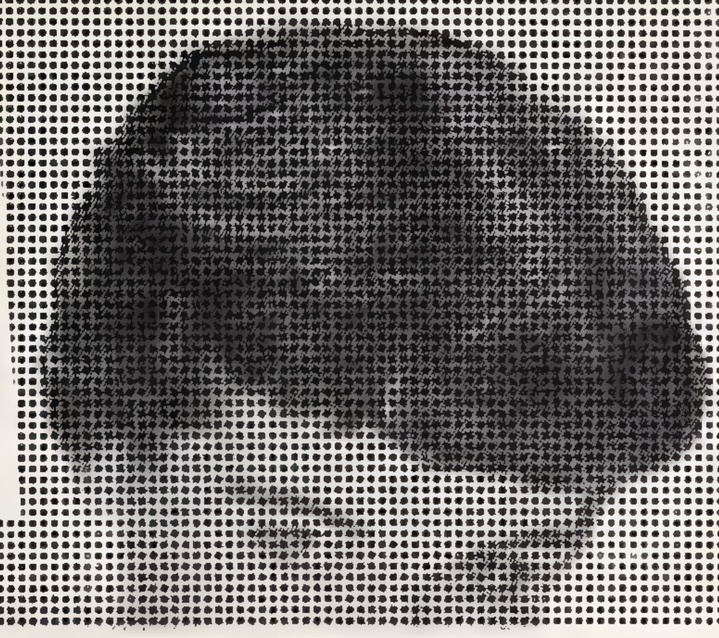
Quilted slippers
Daniel Green
Dolgeville, N. Y.



PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Detailed drawings, above, of the Alexis Smith jumper dress on page 62

Don't "JUST WASH" your hair..



Condition it with NEW DRENE shampoo

The sure way to Natural Sheen-Natural Softness

This wonderful New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action does far more than "just wash" your hair. It actually *conditions* as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

After New Drene your hair is so easy to manage . . . it's so marvelously clean and soft and responsive to your hands. No other shampoo has this Conditioning Action.

Try it . . . see all it does for your hair:

1. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild.
2. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Removes loose dandruff!
3. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly —even in the hardest water!

NEW DRENE with Conditioning Action ...for all types of hair!

SIREN SONGS

Eleanor Parker of "The Valentino Story" in winter white two-piece hand-knit dress from Andrea of Beverly Hills

Shirley Temple gains inches in Angovar's turquoise satin brocade, with blue satin bow, bodice band

BY EDITH GWYNN

A reporter's report on the creations presented by Hollywood designers—with some newsy notes on the side

WELL, kids! This has been one month when fashion shows and fashion parties far overshadowed and outnumbered the usual Hollywood soirees. Stars and starlets galore and "just plain people" turned out in droves to view the collections—some in shops—some staged with all the *éclat* of a court ball.

Probably the most glamorous party fashion show this season was Adrian's. Once more he invited not only the gals but their sweethearts and husbands to see his lovely clothes and then served a hundred or more of the swank set a lavish buffet dinner at midnight in the plush foyer of his emporium. We noted Ronald Colman, Kay Kyser, Jeffrey Lynn, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Van Johnson, getting just as big an eyeful and enjoying it all

just as much as their spouses.

Adrian showed everything from the straightest of short cocktail or evening gowns (trimmed with rows of short fringe top to bottom) to the fullest of floor-length dresses. Like Howard Greer's recent collection, he, too, put much accent on various shades of gray; and used many sheath skirts topped by the filmiest of black lace blouses with daring bra-effects.

Don Loper's offerings for winter brought out some gorgeous new fabrics—especially very sheer wools that had a glossy finish. Don showed lots of afternoon dresses of silk faille, brocaded satins and metallic cloths imported from Europe.

As always, the originals by Sophie had their predominating air of simplicity, elegance and femininity. One black chiffon dress had a few million yards in its three floor-length skirts, and was topped by a long-waisted, skintight, heart-shaped, strapless, very decolleté bodice. A very wide scarf of black chiffon started just below the bustline—from *both* sides—and was drawn up over the bust and shoulders, crossing in the back, then draped softly over the bend of the arms and hung to almost floor length if the wearer dropped her arms. This same graceful effect can be added to almost any simple, tight-waisted gown you own—whether the scarf be of chiffon, tulle or net.

Fine wool serge showed up in many of Sophie's suits, most of which had short, form-fitting jackets, straight tight skirts.

NANCY DAVIS is a gal who knows that the right slant on the new fashions is, by all means, *slant!* Saw her at Irene's fashion show wearing a figure-flattering dress of sheer black wool, simply tailored and featuring a rather high but very obliquely slanted, shoulder-to-shoulder collar (about two inches wide) of bright lemon yellow silk faille. The skirt, rather short, was straight, trimmed only with narrow, slanting tucks of the sheer black wool—and we don't have to tell you that it was Christian Dior who "delivered" those slanting tucks.

Irene's silhouettes went from the soft rounded look to even softer rounded looks in the matter of all suits and gowns. She showed colors and fabrics of every imaginable kind and even dresses—day or nighttime—with big puffy sleeves! Irene's dresses featured tiers in curved, petal-like lines instead of the usual straight kind.

Good idea of Janet Leigh's. She blew herself to a wonderful, voluminous coat of deep garnet velvet—the kind that doesn't crush. This sort of "luxury item" really isn't just luxury at all because with its tiny collar, baggy sleeves, calf length, hanging straight in front and flaring in the back, it looks equally well over daytime dresses of almost any color and even some "dining out" suits.

Nobody's closet should be minus a rather elegant skirt of black Lyons velvet this season. Whether the skirt be gored and full, or tight-fitting, its uses are so many! Whether topped by a tailored crepe or satin "shirtwaist" for lunch or daytime doings; or whether it goes dancing or dinner-ing beneath a lacy or nakedy blouse of luxurious material, such a skirt is the perfect wardrobe asset.

Jeanne Crain grabbed herself one cut very full around the bottom but snug at the hips. She wears it with a low-cut tight-fitting bodice of pink satin, around the shoulders of which goes a soft scarf of black lace that ties in front. For evenings, of course. But Jeanne even strolls the studio lot in this same skirt, topped by bright red or green velveteen cardigans.

So the clothes line goes this season—with so many varieties of style that no smart gal can fail to pick a winner.

THE END

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

(*Continued from page* 40) brushes in the studios, so it was only natural for me to use one at home. A brush keeps your lip line cleaner and less messy. I put on a lot of lipstick at first. Then I blot it off with tissues; bite on the tissue, too, to prevent any lipstick getting on my teeth. Finally, I wipe the corners of my mouth so the little crevices won't be filled with lipstick. I blot and blot and blot! The finished result is a clean outline—but not very much lipstick.

3. June Haver: I have a *fair skin* on which color contrasts show up very sharply. So I've learned to mix a little lipstick with a bit of cream and rub it into my cheeks instead of using rouge. This way I get a perfect match.

4. June says too: *The most important beauty weapon a woman has is her modesty.* That's something she should guard and cultivate more than trying to become a personality kid and an effervescent career-girl type. One of the most beautiful things about a woman is the mystery that surrounds her. The more of a real woman she is—the more real allure she possesses.

5. Linda Darnell: I use a discreet amount of dark brown eye-shadow on my eyelids and a little mascara on my eyelashes. But I have a trick for applying the eye-shadow. Using an eyebrow pencil I make a slight slanting line from the outer corner of my eye. Then with my fingers I blend this "upswing" with the eye-shadow itself. It is provocative.

6. Betty Lynn: I have *lots of freckles* so I use a light coating of Technicolor make-up to hide them. This make-up which has a pink-tan cast can be duplicated in most of the pancakes. I use a lot of water and put on just the very lightest film.

7. Jeanne Crain: Instead of eye-shadow, I use *skin oil on my eyelids*—a glamour trick that gives them a gleam. I also touch my eyebrows and lashes with this oil—to make them shine. Then I just barely touch the ends of my lashes with mascara.

8. Another from Jeanne: Having just had my fourth child, I know *you don't have to look like a frump when carrying a baby.* Maternity clothes are surprisingly inexpensive. And plain colored smocks can be glamorized by sewing sequins on the collars, or choosing lovely colors. I made most of my own maternity clothes this last time, and I found that smocks in my very best colors made my figure less noticeable. A smock can be glamorized in many ways. You can do a Chinese-style version of it, with a high plain collar. You can wear black velvet smocks over adjustable pajamas—for those evenings at home. Most movie stars look lovely even during those last few weeks just before their babies are born. This is due to their flair for making the most of maternity fashions.

9. Miriam Hopkins: Since I'm a blonde with very light eyebrows and eyelashes I wear a light brown mascara. I use this mascara however *only* on my upper lashes. It gives one's face a sort of a *bal de masque* look—about the closest a blonde can come to the *new doe eyes.*

10. Ruth Hussey: Pancake is drying for some skins. But I have a special trick to combat this. I *cream my face first* with a light cream, wipe it off with tissue, then pour some witch hazel into the palm of my hand, dash this over my face and wipe it off with a towel. Then, putting on the pancake with a damp sponge, I use a lot of water and very little pancake and immediately blot it dry with tissue. In this way pancake never gives my face that about-to-crack feeling nor does it dry my skin.

11. Gordon Bau, head of make-up for Warner Brothers: If you have *small eyes,* make them seem larger by drawing a line with white grease paint directly under the eyes and outward, in sort of a doe-eyed effect. Use mascara the usual way.

12. Peggie Castle: The most frequent mistake girls make is in selecting a foundation or powder to *match the skin.* Your foundation and your powder should add warmth and color to your appearance. Make your pancake, for instance, give your skin a slightly ruddy glow, or a darker coloring. The difference in shade shouldn't be so noticeable as to make a line where it leaves off, but do give yourself the break of a better skin tone.

13. Claudette Colbert: Sex alone won't make you attractive. Nor beauty. *It's gaiety.* Gaiety is a habit. You can persistently think life is awful, problems are insurmountable; tragedy is stalking your every footstep. Or you can find laughter in living. You can look on the happy side of things. This doesn't mean of course that if real trouble enters your life, you should hilariously brush it aside. Remember, a beautiful face is a happy face.

14. Judy Canova: We can't all be Lana Turners, but that doesn't mean there isn't a place for us. Instead of complaining because you weren't born with a figure like Venus de Milo, learn to make people laugh or, just as good, give them sympathy and understanding. Forget about yourself. Concentrate on making the other person feel gifted, clever, important, intelligent.

15. Joan Fontaine: I was always a very shy girl, always worrying about what other people thought of me. I'd been ill a lot as a child and hadn't had much of a chance to mix with people. When I came to Hollywood, I found it so difficult to answer questions about my personal life that the Hollywood Women's Press Club gave me the lemon one year for being the most uncooperative actress. This really started me making myself over. Not everyone is born with an extrovert personality, or even a personality that attracts. I knew I had to cultivate confidence in the people with whom I came into contact. *I discovered that the secret of making people like you is to like people.* When a girl is popular, it only means she does not go around feeling mistrustful of people.

16. Bette Davis: *An attractive woman has to be interesting,* and she'll be more interesting if she doesn't have an all-female mind. The woman with the all-female mind does things in a devious way. I can never understand, and I'm sure men can't, the woman who is all-female. It is very hard to justify the things she does, for she operates by emotion, instinct, whims—instead of logic. Drive and courage and iron strength are not exclusively masculine traits. The woman who possesses them can be feminine as well as direct. Essential womanliness is not helplessness, or our pioneer grandmothers would never have survived the hardships of their lives.

17. Audrey Totter: When I first arrived in Hollywood, I made a picture called, "The Sailor Takes a Wife." Shortly afterward, I was invited to a party at Mr. Mayer's home. When I got there, I was petrified. Clark Gable was there and Greer Garson, just the biggest stars. I was sitting in a corner when a woman came up to me and said, "I am Joan Crawford. I wanted to tell you that I saw 'The Sailor Takes a Wife' and you are going to be a star." I haven't seen Joan Crawford since but I think she is divine. She has a generous heart. I learned right then—with all those stars present—that it isn't beauty or fame that make you admired. It's being a big enough person to be thoughtful and kind.

18. Ginger Rogers: To be an interesting woman, *you have to be well-rounded*—but, then, the American girl usually is. She has more spunk than any other girl from any other country. She can look chic, she can cook a good meal, she can fix the car, she can open a locked door, she can sing a song, she can dance a dance, she can drive a car, she can drive a truck, she can plow a field, she can have a baby, she can fly a plane. There isn't anything that the American girl cannot do or will not try to do. I think it's this capability coupled with femininity that makes a woman interesting, and a lot more fascinating than dangling earrings and seductive perfumes.

19. Dinah Shore: Anyone can have a *glamorous pleasing speaking voice.* You just have to be analytical about it. If your voice is naturally pitched too high, lower it. All you have to do to lower it is to think about it, *remind* yourself not to raise it or to shriek. If it is harsh and strident, cultivate a softer tone and study enunciation. If you can, listen to your voice on a wire recorder. You can't correct a fault unless you first realize you have it.

20. Diana Lynn: To be attractive, you must feel as if you *are* attractive. If you feel attractive or glamorous, you'll take constructive steps to look that way. The first rule about a correct mental attitude is to refrain from saying anything you don't want others to think. Don't say, "I'm too fat." Or, "My complexion is awful." Never call attention to your defects by mentioning them. Do something to correct them, but don't make everyone aware of them.

21. Ruth Roman: There are so many Hollywood parties and they are so big that you often find yourself in a roomful of people you never saw before. Sometimes, the hostess has disappeared, and you are left high and dry. At really large parties, it's not mandatory of course for the hostess to take you around and introduce you. But it is mandatory for you to make yourself part of a group. You can turn to the person next to you and *just start conversation*—anything that is socially acceptable. You can even mention the weather! You can remark on how well the party seems to be going. The thing you shouldn't do is to sit and wait for others to notice *you.*

22. Jane Wyman: Knowing *how to enter a room* can be a great social asset. I have learned that if you quickly size up a room as you walk into it, you can seem poised and assured, even if you don't know a soul. For instance, you can spot your hostess somewhere in the throng. Pause at the doorway, scan the crowd briefly to locate her, and then walk to her directly without wandering around aimlessly. Or if you happen to know some of the guests, locate *them,* and join them.

23. Arlene Dahl: I keep my skin in good condition by using *fresh cucumbers and lemon juice.* I grind up the cucumbers in a meat grinder. To the pulp of one cucumber, I add two tablespoons of lemon juice. I use this mixture as a mask. It's a cleanser as well as a bleach. Sometimes, I put this pulp into a cheesecloth bag and add an ice cube and rub it over my face. The ice acts as an astringent. When you wash off your cucumber mask, your skin feels very clean and refreshed—and it has a slight glow.

24. Ava Gardner: You always read advice on how to apply make-up or how to do your hair according to the shape of your face. But few of us really know what shapes our faces are. You might think you have a round face when you really have a square one. Stand in front of the bathroom mirror, pin your hair back and confine it under a towel. Take a piece of soap and *draw the outline of your face* on the mirror. When you are through, transfer the outline to a piece of paper. Then you have something to really work with. You have

actual measurements. You can plan your make-up by the real outline of your face. I work out new hair styles this way by being my own sketch artist.

25. Elizabeth Taylor: I have a few black moles on my face and shoulders. They look like little freckles and are quite small. When I want to cover them up for pictures, I *use a light layer of pan-stik*—with just a little extra dab right over the mole itself. If the pan-stik is the exact color of your complexion, you can't tell you have it on—but the moles don't show.

26. Amanda Blake: I'm a natural redhead and *I have freckles.* Some girls look very cute with freckles. They are the outdoor type—like Doris Day—and freckles only make them look healthy. But I'm not the athletic type. I look horrible with freckles and must avoid them at all costs. The only thing I have ever done that really helped this problem was simply to stay out of the sun. I wear beach hats to the beach in the summer—or, preferably, just don't accept beach dates. If I go swimming in a pool, I do it after four—when the sun is down. I bide my time—for summertime is not my dish. I look a lot better when winter comes! I've used a lot of the bleaches on the market, but I'm the type of redhead that has a very thin, fine skin. It can't take severe bleaches. The strongest I ever use is pure lemon juice, which is a little drying—so I follow it with a little cream before putting on my make-up.

27. Joan Bennett: During the war I wrote a book called, "How to Be Attractive." To write it required a great deal of research. The most valuable thing I learned was that the greatest single beautifier is *complete* cleanliness. That doesn't mean a quick dash in and out of the shower. You should wash your face with a mild soap (but never scrub it). When your face is tingling clean, *blot* it dry. Then apply a thick nourishing cream and get into a warm (not hot) relaxing bath. Put witch hazel pads on your eyes—and just relax for ten minutes. Then, scrub yourself thoroughly, using a scrub brush for those stubborn areas—your back, elbows, and feet, and briskly rub yourself dry with a turkish towel. Rub some cream into your elbows and hands to combat dryness, and shave off any excess hair. Lie down with your head down and your feet up for ten minutes. You can almost feel the blood go to your head and erase fatigue. When you erase fatigue lines, you are on your way to beauty.

28. Joan also advises: *Posture tells the world a lot of things*—including how old you are. An identification mark of the walk and posture of the older woman is a forward thrust of the head. Her back may be straight, but her head leans forward to watch her steps. This makes all the throat muscles slack and loose. I used to have very bad posture, and I had to take lessons to correct it.

29. Esther Williams: *There's no reason why you can't look lovely while you are swimming.* I do my hair in braids so that there are no curls or strands to droop down when I'm in the water. But the way I prevent both my body and my hair from getting too dry is to rub oil all over my body before I go in the water, and I literally soak my hair in oil before I braid it.

30. Judy Clark: I have a *beauty routine* I go by religiously. One week, I use the treatment every night; the next week, every other night. First I wash my face with a lanolin soap which is good for dry skin. I rinse thoroughly with warm, not hot, water, and *blot* dry with a towel. I put almond oil all over my face and neck and leave on for half an hour. Then I wipe it off and again wash my face. This treatment opens the pores thoroughly for a complete cleansing and then shuts the pores so they will not become enlarged.

31. Susan Hayward: *Anyone can develop a beautiful smile.* And you should do it before you establish a pattern of laughing that is not attractive. Perhaps you have a long thin face. If you pull your smile too "wide," you will get wrinkle-lines down the side of your face which may later develop into deep crevices. Learn to smile with your eyes, without stretching your face all out of shape. If your gumline shows when you laugh, and you don't want it to, practice laughing without lifting your upper lip so high. Immobilize that upper lip, let it come down and frame your teeth. Modify your smile. If your upper lip is too long, tilt your head slightly when you laugh. What Hollywood stars must learn to make their smiles seem more attractive, you can learn, too.

32. Another from Susan: Something we should all learn in our teens is that *our posture and the way we walk tell others what we think of ourselves.* The girl who carries herself with assurance and poise is more apt to get that job, to be seated at the best table, to be welcomed into that special group. A girl who droops apologetically, is labeled as uninteresting before she has a chance to prove otherwise. When you walk and stand gracefully and confidently, people are attracted to you—feeling you have something to offer.

33. Adrian Booth: I believe in stimulating the skin to give it that radiant look. I first cleanse my face with soap and water. Then I rub in a little cleansing cream and wipe it off with cleansing tissue to make sure that every bit of dust and grime has been removed. Now, for my special secret! *I use a cream that has a basis of camphor.* Camphor is very stimulating. But, since it is also very drying, this special cream has rich oils in it to combat that dryness. After

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using this stimulating cream for a week, even the most sallow person will have pink cheeks. Without rubbing off this first cream, I rub a nourishing texture cream into my face—with gentle massage. This is a fast beauty treatment—it doesn't take twenty minutes a day.

34. Vivien Leigh: My only beauty trick is the ability to relax. I learned relaxation from cats, which I adore. I have also learned not to push myself to the breaking point. I don't try to go out at night if I have been working all day. I budget our social activities. When we do go out, I generally try to lie down and relax for a half hour beforehand. Tenseness makes your face drawn, your neck cords stand out and, in general, destroys the serenity of beauty. *Anything you can do to combat tension acts as a beauty aid.*

35. Vera Ralston: Every time I go out in the sun, I take a carrot, mash it—or put it through a strainer—and mix it with my regular nourishing cream. I rub it all over me—on my face and body—and it gives me a nice even tan, and not a freckle. Something in carrot juice prevents freckling.

36. Judy Holliday: My neck is short, so I always comb my hair up on top of my head. In "Born Yesterday," all my clothes were designed to lengthen my neck line. I didn't wear any little round collars or high collars, and my hair was cropped short to make my neck seem longer.

37. Viveca Lindfors: I don't like a look of studied glamour. I'm a soap and water addict. I like my hair clean, my nails clean, my clothes clean. But I don't believe in much make-up. I don't like a set look to my hair. I think you can work to *achieve a casual look*—hair that flies just a little, clothes that are informal. I think people feel more natural around casualness than they do around formality.

38. Rosalind Russell: I'm tall, and I'm fortunate in that it has never embarrassed me. I've never tried to look shorter. I don't wear low heels. *I like being tall.* I've always dressed to make the most of my height and my long lines. I find I can wear clothes better than the short girls. I believe in holding yourself tall. I don't stoop. Tall girls can't do a thing to minimize their height, so they might as well accept its advantages.

39. Ann Blyth: I believe in *taking care of your hands.* I don't go to a manicurist, but I take painstaking care of my hands and nails myself. I rub hand lotion into my hands after I've done some household task. I keep my nails carefully filed, to a nice oval length—never that long, long length. Naturally, it goes without saying that I keep my nails very clean. I use a nail brush and soap for this, and also clean them with an orange stick during the day. Whenever I use nail polish, I use the colorless, or very pale pink.

40. Quoting Ann again: I don't believe in the same hair style day in and day out. One way may be definitely more becoming than another, but you get so bored with yourself! I change my hair around several times a week. Sometimes I comb it back with big four-inch combs. Other times I pile it on top of my head.

41. Greer Garson: Sometimes, certain roles demand unusual and rugged routines. When you are called upon to dance, or when you have to do such things as tumbling acts and acrobatics as I did once in a picture called "Julia Misbehaves," you can't afford to get stiff. I put five pounds of Epsom salts in a tub of warm water and just lie there and relax. It takes every bit of tiredness away.

42. Mona Freeman: I think *beauty is a habit.* My little daughter, Monie, is not quite three years old, but I believe that the earlier you start the pattern of beauty, the better. Monie and I run around the house, our hair in pincurls, with matching nets. Monie has her own drawer in the bathroom with her own beauty supplies—her hairbrush, nail clippers, nail file, hair ribbons, bobby pins. Beauty is a habit and it's never too early to start this habit. Then, in later life, you don't go around the house in a sloppy robe with your hair stringing down.

43. Loretta Young: Those who talk with their hands—I do at times myself—should study the graceful use of hands. Public speaking, or voice coaching, or drama at night school are good ways to learn this. Hands, effectively used, can be a tremendously interesting adjunct to your personality, which every actress knows.

44. Sally Eilers: I use a *cream masque daily.* I put it on wet and keep it on until it dries. I wash it off with water and then use a skin freshener. It stimulates circulation and keeps the skin firm and pliable.

45. Janet Leigh: I don't believe in wearing any make-up at all except lipstick. I think *your skin should show.* Even without make-up, you can achieve a beautifully groomed look by making sure your hair is attractively styled and every hair in place, your eyebrow line clean, and your lipstick carefully applied.

46. Joan Evans: When I was quite young, Joan Crawford—who is my godmother—reprimanded me about the way I was carrying my shoulders. She told me that you have to possess *an awareness that you have shoulders,* and an awareness of how to carry them. If your shoulders droop down instead of having a nice square look, you can practice holding them up a little.

47. Coleen Gray: I believe the best thing you can do for your beauty is to be honest about your flaws. When I first came to Hollywood, my teeth were a little crooked so *I wore braces* except when I was in front of the camera. It wasn't easy to go to social affairs wearing braces, but now my teeth are straight. You can't improve your appearance if you shut your eyes to things that must be done.

48. Vera-Ellen: Graceful posture means *perfect balance.* You can learn perfect balance by using your kitchen stepladder stool. Walk up the three steps on tiptoe, your hands on your hips, and a book on your head. Practice doing this until you don't wobble but have perfect body control. Then remember to hold yourself in that balanced fashion when you walk into a room.

49. Bud Westmore: There are certain things all women do as they grow older that immediately wrap them in a mantle of maturity. After thirty-five, there is a gradual slumping down into the waistline that is in high contrast with the alert, interested posture of the younger woman. With each successive year, we settle more down into ourselves, sometimes into our very shoes. *You can't hunch over and look eighteen.*

50. Peggy Dow: Many women hold themselves well when they are still, but *betray themselves the moment they are in motion.* Then, they either bounce, lope, sway from side to side, or plod. I practice walking the Indian walk, one foot right in front of the other, toes neither out nor in, but perfectly straight ahead. You have to hold your head up, of course, but the trick is to think of your head being suspended from the ceiling by a long string. That's perfect body alignment, and something every actress must have.

51. Jane Russell: I never throw my shoulders back in a military stance. If you hold your body perfectly straight, if you stand lightly on your feet with your back straight and your head up—you have good posture. But for that relaxed, casual look, as if you're really not trying very hard at it, I recommend letting your shoulders come slightly forward. This is the posture of all top-drawer models.

52. Rhonda Fleming: I'm tall and I know the tall girl can never lope; she has to hold herself like a queen.

53. Sally Forrest: So many people think that good posture means your position while standing or walking. But your *sitting posture* is equally important. You can't sit hunched over the dinner table, nor slumped down in the armchair. A common mistake is for a girl to walk over to a chair, turn around to sit down, and then sort of "reach" for the chair with her derriere. I have a trick. I walk over to the chair, turn around and feel for the chair height with the back of my leg. Then, I know where the chair is and I seat myself as far back as possible and hold myself as if I were a puppet suspended from the ceiling from an invisible string in the center of my head. This keeps your bosom high, your throat line attractive, and your profile inviting.

54. Peggy Knudsen: To dress outstandingly, you have to *find your type.* Discover the thing in which you look best and feel best. Discover the colors that make you look pretty. If you have just average coloring, you should wear colors that make you happiest. If you are a teenager, watch all the magazines that show clothes on teenage models. Pick out models who are similar to yourself. Don't look at the long, lanky ones if you are short and dumpy.

55. Peggy adds: Work unusual touches into your wardrobe. Make cuff-links out of old buttons by joining them with heavy waxed thread. I went down to Chinatown and got a little porcelain boat and had it made into a pin. I saw some little brass door knockers and had them made into buttons. A flair for distinctive originality isn't achieved by just buying a ready-made dress and accompanying accessories.

56. Jane Powell: Since *I'm rather short,* I have to be careful not to wear clothes which might make me look even shorter. I almost always wear dresses that are one color instead of mis-matched outfits which cut me off in the middle. I'm short-waisted, too, so I wear the waistline of my dress just a little longer than my natural waistline. I wear my skirts just a little shorter than the length currently in style to avoid looking short from the waist up.

57. Joan Leslie: I have a wardrobe trick that gives me a hat for every outfit. I select one basic hat and design *wrap-around trimmings* that tie on. I get veiling just the shade of a certain blouse and sew it to grosgrain ribbon of the same shade. This I just tie on. You can make these wrap-around veilings in four or five colors and can give your hat wardrobe a lot of variety at a minimum cost.

58. Walter Plunkett, designer at M-G-M: Girls who are plump should not wear their clothes too tight.

59. Mr. Plunkett again: Where the body line is firm and solid, even if rounded with a little fat, no girdle is best. A girdle will

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take inches off your hips, but those inches go right up around your waistline. A thickened waistline is what you most want to avoid.

60. Another Plunkett tip: Find your beauty "center." Dramatize it. Vivien Leigh, for instance, has such an unusual face that it needs to be almost set apart from her body. When I designed her clothes for "Gone with the Wind," I used high collars to break the eyeline between her face and her figure. When I dressed Jennifer Jones for "Madame Bovary," I emphasized, above all, her grace and rhythm of movement.

61. Walter Plunkett again: Too many women forget there are dark pastels as well as light ones. If the dark but not brilliant yellows, the soft purples and the like are becoming to you, remember nothing is more individual.

62. Shelley Winters: I believe in finding the right hair style and then staying with it. For quite a while, I believed very firmly that long hair did a great deal for me. That was when long hair was fashionable. Then the short haircut came in and I followed suit like everyone else. But it was with grave misgivings. Now, I realize that short hair really does things for my face and, *regardless of future hair styles,* I will always wear it short from now on.

63. Kathleen Hughes: A wardrobe trick I've found helpful is to *buy accessories of just one color.* I build my wardrobe around one basic color scheme—black or brown or navy blue. This means I only have to buy one pair of black date shoes, one handbag, one pair of gloves, one hat. Of course, if you want to really splurge, you can do the same thing with brown and blue—but that runs into money and leaves you less to spend for other things.

64. Ingrid Bergman: Ingrid, five feet eight in height, generally wears flat-heeled ballet shoes. For cocktail wear, she glamorizes low-heeled playshoes by sewing her initials in sequins on the toes.

65. Marie Windsor: I make most of my own clothes because I can make them more inexpensively than ready-made things. But I always *achieve a professional look* by having the belts and buttons made professionally.

66. Janis Carter: I have a small waist, and I like to emphasize it by wide belts, cummerbund tops, and so on. If I can't find this wide band in regular stores, I spend a few dollars more and have just what I want specially made up.

67. Another Carter cue: I have a long neck, and I camouflage this by always wearing high collars, even on my coats. I turn my blouse collars up and wear pearl chokers to hold them up. If I wear an off-the-shoulder dress, I wear a heavy choker around my neck.

68. Joan Caulfield: Most people choose colors because they have blonde hair, or black or red or brown hair. Or they choose blue because they have blue eyes. *But the most flattering colors for you are those which flatter your skin.* When I am going to have a suit or a dress made up, or even a blouse, I hold the yardage next to my face. I see what the color does for *my skin tone.* If my skin looks more alive and vibrant, that's the color I choose.

69. Barbara Bel Geddes: You can't look well in *clothes that wrinkle.* If you are buying your own yardage, a good way to test material for wrinkling is to take a corner of the material and squeeze it up and hold it as hard as you can for a minute. Then let it go. If it wrinkles and stays wrinkled, don't buy it, no matter how pretty it is.

70. Jeanette MacDonald: I believe in

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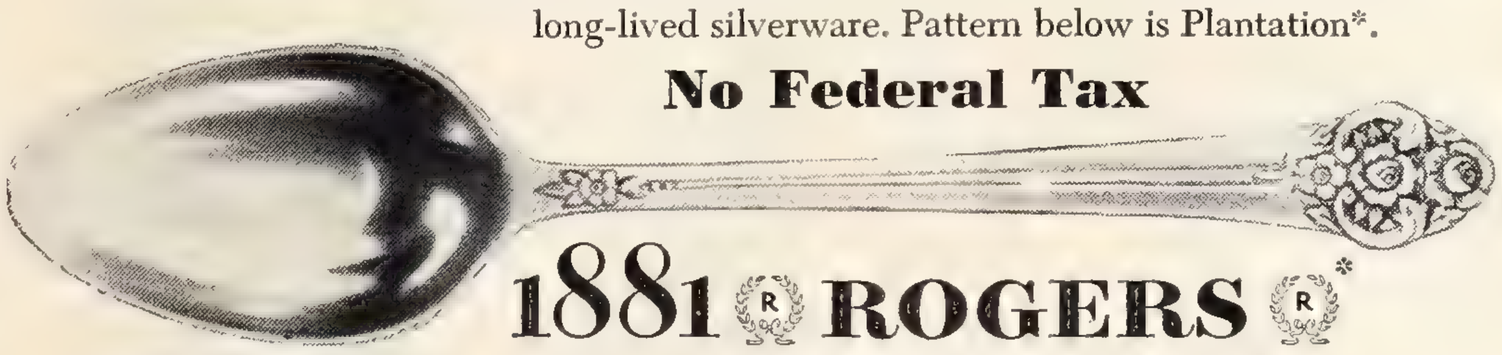

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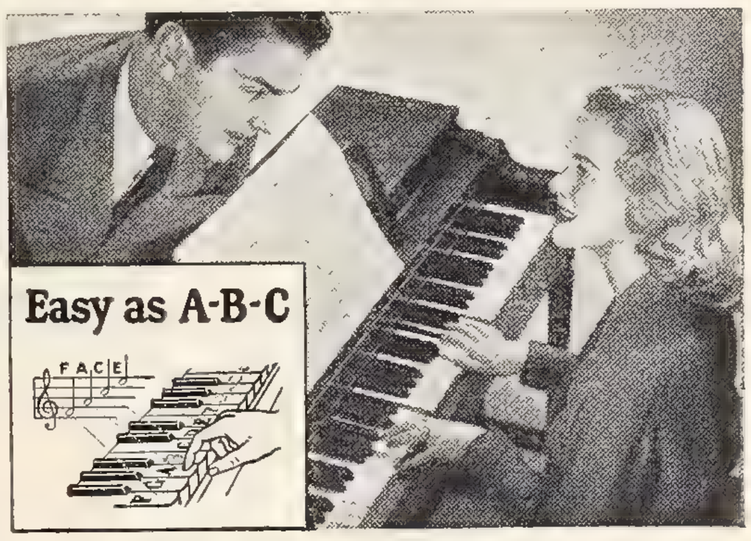

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adding the *glamor touch of jewelry* and making sentiment an inspiration for unusual jewelry. Some years ago, my husband, Gene Raymond, gave me a lovely charm bracelet. He adds to it from time to time for important professional events in my life. When I was in New York, I went to the museum and saw Egyptian mummies with charm bracelets. They are thousands of years old so you never have to worry about a charm bracelet being dated. The important thing to remember is that jewelry doesn't have to be expensive to have sentimental value and to be in good taste.

71. Alexis Smith: I have a *wardrobe trick* that doubles my outfits. If I am particularly fond of a certain material, I have a skirt made up and two jackets or tops. For instance, I have a white skirt. One top, out of the same material, has shirtmaker lines. It's strictly daytime. The other top is low-cut and trimmed with beautiful white lace.

72. Virginia Grey: Black is a favorite color of mine. To relieve its severity, particularly with suits, I buy crepe of lovely shades—just a third of a yard—for scarves. I wear these scarves as ascot ties. This way, I can get a dash of a favorite color where it is the most flattering—next to my face.

73. Cyd Charisse: I am a great believer in the fact that you can't look good on the outside unless you first are *healthy on the inside.* I go on a liquid diet one day a week. This keeps my figure trim and the poundage down, and it also keeps my complexion clear. I don't believe in starving myself, just staying with liquids. This is what I eat on that one day:

Breakfast: tall glass of orange juice, 1 glass skim milk.

Ten o'clock: glass vegetable juice mix, or sauerkraut juice and tomato juice mixed (half and half); full can of beef bouillon.

Noon: clear vegetable soup (or clear chicken broth); glass skim milk; glass orange juice.

Three o'clock: cup of beef bouillon; 1 glass grapefruit juice (no sugar added).

Dinner: celery and apple juice mixed, 1 glass (or celery and tomato juice); 1 glass orange juice; 1 glass skim milk. For dessert: 1 glass frozen grape juice, diluted with water; or, 1 glass of pineapple juice.

74. Piper Laurie: I don't think this will come as news to anyone, but *I don't think there is anything like health to give you that radiant look.* And, of course, one way to keep in condition is to make sure you have a correctly balanced diet. So many kids fill up on hamburgers and ice cream sodas. I believe that you should start the day with a well-balanced breakfast—fruit, toast, milk, cereal. I think you should reach for a salad instead of a sandwich at lunch time. I also think it helps to study books on diet and learn what foods do what things for your body. For instance, proteins are muscle-building foods, carbohydrates give you energy, and so on. If you have a particular problem—your skin, your hair, your teeth—I'd find out what foods and what vitamins would help you correct that problem. Every day I try to drink lots of milk. I eat fresh fruits and vegetables, and the proper amount of lean meats for protein. I stay away from rich desserts. I think it's wise to start this kind of thinking early in life.

75. Olivia De Havilland: Whenever I have to *lose weight* for a role (as I did some time ago when I had to look ill and undernourished for my role in "The Snake Pit"), I go to Terry Hunt's and have steam baths, massage, and exercise—then I just cut myself down to 1,200 to 1,400 calories a day. For breakfast, I have lemon juice in hot water, and coffee, without sugar and cream. I have a large lunch—generally vegetables because of their low caloric value. I have a little book on calories. You can get such a book in any book store.

76. Penny Singleton: I keep my *thigh and tummy muscles firm* by doing calisthenics every morning. I ring in my whole family so I don't have to do them alone! I do alternate straight leg raising for my thighs, and sit-ups for abdominal muscles.

77. Betty Grable: There's no reason why you can't *keep your weight just right* at all times. Whenever I have to gain, I eat certain weight-adding foods for a few days; whenever I have to lose, I eliminate them from my diet. The dos and don'ts that guide me are:

To Lose: No hot breads, jams, jellies, cakes, pastries; no starchy vegetables such as lima or baked beans; no olive oil or mayonnaise or salad oils; no cocktails, beer, snacks, malteds, sodas; no candy; no cheese, spices, fatty meats, creamed gravies, sauces; no sugar.

To Gain: Eat all the above foods.

The most important thing to remember when you want to lose weight is to forget those between-meal snacks. Stick to just three slimming meals a day, and no deviations.

78. Lucille Ball: When you have to go through a rigorous routine such as I did in "The Fuller Brush Girl," you have to get in condition for it. You can't just suddenly hang by your hands from netting, or a steamship stack, for take after take without preparing for it. Three weeks before I started the picture, I went into regular training. *I took exercises.* I rode a bicycle. I strengthened my muscles and developed them gradually. A certain amount of exercise, done regularly, will keep your muscles firm and adaptable. Your figure never develops those little bulges if you keep fit.

79. Betty Hutton: I took ballet as a child. I think it helps give you balance and grace. This also developed my legs; it not only made the calves larger but stretched them. If young girls have *underdeveloped legs,* dancing lessons are wonderful.

80. Virginia Field: I try to lie down for ten minutes every day with witch-hazel pads on my eyes in a darkened room.

81. Evelyn Keyes: You are only as old as your figure. Even a very young girl looks matronly from a distance if she is overweight. One thing you learn right away in Hollywood is that your figure is dependent on your skeleton. If you have large bones, you're never going to be the petite type. Skeletons are as different as faces. The ideal measurements are bust and hips the same, with the waist ten inches smaller. But don't give up if this doesn't apply to you. Start from the waist and then balance your figure. Big or small, fat or thin, you can still seem to have a well-balanced figure if you will start with your waistline and go on from there. If your shoulders are narrow, do "push-up" exercises to develop them. If your hips are too wide, roll across the floor. Anyone can seem to have a dream figure if she'll just remember the magic key words: *Balance your measurements.*

82. Julie London: There is one beauty secret that is so common it almost doesn't seem important, but it's the greatest secret of all because it *flushes your system* and keeps your digestive processes in healthy working order. The juice of a lemon in a glass of hot water every morning is a miracle worker.

83. Ann Sheridan: When I want to gain weight, I drink a glass of half cream and half ginger ale several times a day in addition to three good hearty substantial meals. The ginger ale cuts the thick cream so that it isn't too hard to get down. It makes a very good cold drink, as a matter of fact. You can add ice cubes if you like. *It's a pleasant way of gaining.*

84. June Allyson: We have an electric mixer, and I use half a cake of Castile soap to two cups of water and *mix this into a shampoo.* It's the consistency of French dressing. There's nothing better—or cheaper—for your hair than pure Castile soap. After I shampoo my hair, I rinse it many times. I add the juice of one lemon to the final rinse water. This cuts the soap and makes the hair soft and silky. I rub my hair dry with a towel and just comb it down straight while it's still a little damp. I never set it.

85. Kathryn Grayson: *I never let a permanent ruin my hair.* I have one trick that guarantees a soft curl no matter how recent the permanent. Just before the permanent, I soak—literally soak—my hair in olive oil. I put a warm towel around my head to make sure the oil really soaks into the hair and my scalp. Then I wipe off all the oil I can, and the permanent begins. The curl always turns out soft, silky, and completely manageable.

86. Marilyn Maxwell: When I want a *soft, almost straight, curl,* I make big pincurls and turn them in like a page boy. When they are fastened, they are not flat on my head, but stand out. I can see the holes through them. If they dry in this position, they comb out into a soft, casual curl—not at all tight-looking. This is a boon to the girl with naturally curly hair.

87. Rita Hayworth: The glamorous Rita was born beautiful, but the one thing Hollywood make-up men found annoying was her *low forehead.* The make-up department at Columbia used the wax treatment on Rita's forehead, moving up her hairline a full half-inch—which gave her a lovely, high forehead. This treatment can be given in any beauty parlor. It consists of putting warm wax on the area and ripping it off quickly when it has cooled.

88. Ann Sothern: I have my own hair dryer, just like the ones you see in professional beauty salons. I think a home hair dryer is a wise beauty investment. You don't always have time to go to a beauty parlor, whereas you do have time to take a few minutes out at home.

89. Ann also says: If you want your hair to dry fast, dampen it with cologne instead of water.

90. Barbra Fuller: When I do my hair a new way, *I look at it from every angle,* not just front view. Since more people see you from the side and back than from the front, beauty and good grooming should be as apparent when you walk away as when you meet someone face to face.

91. Donna Reed: I brush my hair all the time. I rarely take a comb to it. When a hair stylist does your hair, you generally look very special. One reason for this is because he has spent a lot of time brushing, combing, and dressing your hair. It isn't just the new shampoo and wave he has given you, but the fact that he has taken time to make it look attractive. Also, when you handle your hair a lot, you develop a knack for fixing it.

92. Gene Tierney: Some years ago, I was told that the best thing you could do to stimulate your scalp was to *pull your hair.* Every morning, I catch handfuls of my hair and just tug on it with a steady strong pull. I don't mean you should yank it until it hurts—but pull gently. When you can feel the circulation tingling in your scalp, start brushing.

93. Barbara Stanwyck: My hair is graying and I refuse to do anything about dyeing or tinting it. I think graying hair is a soft frame for any woman's face. However, when hair begins to gray, you have to make sure it's kept very well groomed. You should experiment and experiment until you find the right hair style. I tried my hair nine different ways in a week before I was satisfied.

94. Mitzi Green: I wear my hair long

because of my profession. Entertaining in night clubs as I do, long hair makes it possible for me to do a greater variety of characterizations. But long hair is difficult to curl. One can't wind shoulder-length hair into pincurls. Instead, I dampen the ends of each curl and *tie it with strips of cleansing tissue.* I look like Topsy, but the curl dries in no time. It's very soft. The added advantage is that it is possible to sleep with your hair in this type of "curlers."

95. Yvonne De Carlo: Now the clean sweep back of the hair is so fashionable, many girls don't know how to achieve that look of *"not a hair out of place."* At Universal-International, they show us how to keep stubborn tendrils in place by smoothing hair wax on the hair. I also take particular care to carefully groom the hairline, brushing the edges clean from any powder or make-up with a stiff toothbrush. You can't achieve that clean, crisp, slightly severe, look with your hair flying around.

96. Lizabeth Scott: I think *glamour should never have a hurried feeling about it.* I am always ready ten minutes before my date calls for me. This gives me a feeling of relaxation and composure. I'm ready; not hurried or worried. I don't think the breathless look, that "I just made it!" feeling, flatters either your date or your appearance.

97. Eve Arden: I believe the most glamorous thing a woman can do is to *really listen* to what the other person says. If you give a man your sincere and undivided attention, if you show by your laughter that you think he is clever or amusing, if you forget anyone else is around—you have a sound basis for glamour. At least *he's* going to think so!

98. Corinne Calvet: I think *perfume and glamour* are synonymous. But I think you should use the right perfume for the right hour of day. No heavy scents on the golf course, nor musk scents at noon. I buy good perfumes in the smallest possible quantities I can—just half a dram, for instance. I try it out, see what it does for me, how I feel when I wear it. If I really like it, I buy a larger bottle. I never settle down to just one perfume. I don't like to be identified with just one aroma. I like to choose my perfumes as I would my accessories—very carefully and with thought as to the outfit I will be wearing. Seductive, provocative perfumes for evening, flower scents for daylight, spicy scents for around the house. I think one of the most feminine things a girl can have is a perfume wardrobe.

99. Joan Crawford: My one glamour secret is that once I'm out of the dressing room, I stop dressing. I don't think it's good taste to let your companions compete with your compact. *Careful grooming before you leave* gives you the assurance to refrain from touching your hair, glancing in a mirror, or adjusting your collar.

100. Gloria Swanson: *Glamour is a state of mind.* So many times when someone says a girl is glamorous, you get a mental picture of someone who is all decked out, with make-up, jewelry, a low-cut dress and heavy perfume. If you look up *glamour* in the dictionary, however, it says, "Magic, a spell or charm." It doesn't say anything about how you look, but merely your effect on others. There are too many kids trying to be glamorous without being worth while—yet there has never been a really glamorous woman who didn't have a great deal besides what was on the surface. For real glamour, you have to start building from the inner self out. Three things are responsible for holding your youthfulness through the years: intelligent eating, your mental attitude, and heredity.

THE END

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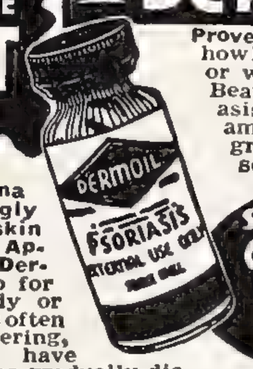

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(*Continued from page* 32) never know how a marriage is going to be until you live with the guy. But I'll make another prediction about Shirley. This second mating will take. She's learned an awful lot about life in general and Shirley Temple in particular since this time last year when she had just divorced John Agar (December 5th) accompanied by the outraged screams of the world's citizenry. Shirley discovered the editorial way that you can't have your cake of divorce and eat public approval. Not if you are *Little Miss Marker*, that is. But how can you rap a girl who hasn't been in a night club for one whole year and who spends four days a week as an unpaid nurse with the children in the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital. Good luck, Shirley and Charles.

Only a fool would predict more than a day ahead for Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton. Okay, so I'm an idiot. But I don't believe they'll get a divorce in 1951. They're in love. They want to stay married. And now I'll tie-in some unasked-for advice with my prediction. To Nicky—don't be quite so bossy. To Elizabeth—don't be quite so sensitive. To the press—let's give them a chance.

EVERYONE is predicting that the Bette Davis marriage to Gary Merrill has to end before 1952. I thought so too until I heard Bette's dialogue in her smash hit picture, "All About Eve." Remember those speeches from Bette playing an aging star actress, that nothing really matters to any woman, even those with a career, except being able to turn around in bed, and there he is—your man. Bette is just that kind of girl in real life. She has to have her man, and she has to be married. I don't think Gary will be her last husband, but I predict he will last longer than Bette's dearest friends and enemies expect.

Lana Turner yelled, "It's a lie," when a commentator stated one sweet Sunday evening that Lana's picture with Pinza, "Mr. Imperium," was the swan song for Hollywood's sexiest blonde. But I'm going along with the commentator. I predict Lana *will* retire from the screen. Maybe not this year but very probably next. Lana's on the lazy side. She likes to eat, drink, be merry, and sleep late in the morning. When and if Bob Topping decides to move back East, that is when Lana will write "Fade-Out" to her glamorous career. I'll be daring and say I believe they will stay Mr. and Mrs.—at least until I make my predictions for 1952!

What does the crystal ball reveal for Judy Garland? Brother, how I wish I knew. The tragedy clouds are still there. So is the emotional insecurity. So is her wonderful and great talent. The last time I saw Judy—at the Bing Crosby radio show—she said, "Sheilah, I feel fine, but I don't care if I never make another movie." I do. And I know *you* do. I'd give anything to predict that she will.

Rita Hayworth is like Lana Turner—she likes soft living and late hours, night and morning. I predict that Prince Aly, who loves the limelight, will almost have to whip his languid wife into wanting to resume the career she wants to forget. Of course she can always postpone the energetic future by having another baby. Rita wanted thirteen children with Orson Welles. I predict she'll have 'em with her Moslem prince—unless he spends too much time in the Casinos.

Ingrid Bergman will resume *her* career in 1951—if not before. No one was fooled, not even Ingrid, when she dished out that big slice of baloney about permanent retirement. In the first place Roberto is very mercurial in the love department and a lady would find herself unable to make a career of just being his dutiful wife. From everything I know of his passionate past, he would get very bored with such devotion. Besides, Roberto is too commercially artistic to waste Ingrid's great acting ability in the kitchen. And Ingrid is much too smart to make ravioli when she can be making sweet cinematic triumphs *and* lire. She has always appreciated money.

Will Sharman Douglas change her name to Mrs. Peter Lawford in 1951? I predict that she will. Peter says no. Sharman says nothing. But their actions speak for them. Even during the times they are apart, they are always in touch by telephone. And when a thrifty lad like Lawford makes phone calls from Hollywood to London and Australia to ditto—Sister, you can write that down as love. I also believe Pete is breaking down the marriage objections of Sharman's Ambassador father, Lewis Douglas. Or why should he invite Pete to his ranch, both with and without Sharman? And before the blonde charmer came to Hollywood this last time, she herself called Pete from Arizona and asked him to meet her at the airport. She stayed at lawyer Neil McCarthy's home. But the man she saw, day and evening? The ecstatic, the suave debonair actor, of course.

When "Showboat" is released in 1951, I predict that Howard Keel, who plays *Ravenal*, will be as big a singing star as Nelson Eddy ever was, perhaps bigger.

The big acting surprises for 1951, female division, will be Janet Leigh and Jane Powell. You'll practically pass out as I did when you see a tough Jane, in tight sweater, tighter skirt, talking out of the side of her mouth and oozing with oodles and oodles of sex appeal in "Royal Wedding" with Fred Astaire. Any resemblance to the sugar and spice of the previous Powell is pure coincidence.

LITTLE Janet Leigh has always been able to give Jane Russell points in the *poitrine* department (see your French dictionary). But wait until you see what RKO's boss Howard Hughes has done for and to demure Janet in "Two Tickets to Broadway." She's a sophisticated, smart high-steppin' gal with a future so bright it's blinding. Move over, Betty Grable—we're discussing the next pin-up queen.

Claudette Colbert told me when she was forty years old that when she reached the ripe age of forty-five, she would retire as an actress and make way for the younger of the emoting species. Well, Claudette will be forty-six in 1951, but I'm predicting she will continue to act. And why not? She's still terrific. The screen would be very barren without Claudette's special brand of brightness.

I predict that John Derek, the big young actor discovery of 1949, will drop heavily in popularity during 1951. *Unless* his studio comes up with pictures to match John's debut in "Knock on Any Door." A star is only as good as his last picture. And John's last *good* picture was too long ago.

Jane Wyman and Greg "Beau" Bautzer are the titillating twosome of the late 1950 cycle. What of their romantic possibilities this coming year? Null and void I would say. I predict Jane will be no more and no less successful with Greg than were Joan Crawford or Ginger Rogers. I don't believe the movie star has yet been born who can win from the elusive lawyer an honest-to-goodness request for marriage. It seems you can lead Bautzer to the brink, but you can't make him propose.

Greg did marry once—she was Buff Cobb, the granddaughter of the late humorist, Irvin S. Cobb. It was a very brief marriage. People with long memories here say that Greg was only really in love once in his life—with Lana Turner. They were engaged just before Lana eloped with Artie Shaw.

Stewart Granger is the Errol Flynn of 1951, in my predictions book. If he hasn't swept you off your feet in "King Solomon's Mines," he will in "Scaramouche" and "Ivanhoe." He's dashing, debonair, calls you darling the first time he meets you and has a sweet tooth, in every sense of the word. He likes his ladies young. He first wanted to marry Jean Simmons, to whom he is now engaged, when she was a baby of seventeen.

MY Academy Award prediction for March, 1951 is—Gloria Swanson for the girls. The boys aren't as easy. But these will be nominated—Jose Ferrer ("Cyrano"), Spencer Tracy ("Father of the Bride"), Louis Calhern ("Magnificent Yankee"), William Holden ("Sunset Boulevard"), George Sanders ("All About Eve").

Gloria's performance as the old and forgotten silent film star in "Sunset Boulevard" was really terrific. So was Gertrude Lawrence in "The Glass Menagerie." And Bette Davis and Anne Baxter were pretty wonderful in "All About Eve." But Hollywood is a sentimental town. It makes such a good human interest story for Gloria, the forgotten glamour queen of the silent era, to win our greatest tribute. I can almost hear the thunder of applause as Gloria walks off the stage clutching her golden Oscar. I also predict she will have as many problems getting another good movie as Oscar winners Luise Rainer and Olivia de Havilland.

As for Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards for the most popular picture and performances for the last year, I predict Olivia de Havilland, who topped the girls at the halfway mark in the September, 1950, issue, will win for her beautiful job in "The Heiress." And I'll bet "Father of the Bride" will give all the other 1950 pictures a run for first place.

I predict: Roy Rogers will be a television star in 1951. Roy wants some of the Hopalong Cassidy gravy . . . That Joan Fontaine will *not* divorce Bill Dozier—their financial status is too complicated . . . That Jennifer Jones will stay in Hollywood for all of 1951. Husband David Selznick has dozens of pictures lined up for Jenny in Europe. But *she* has the stork lined up for a landing in the spring . . . A baby for the Cary Grants—they're doing everything in the Stork Book . . . The separation of Linda Darnell and Pev Marley will be finalized with a divorce . . . Tony Curtis will be the new number one glamour boy, as big as Van Johnson, Robert Taylor, and John Derek before him . . . That Clark Gable and his Sylvia will *not* part, as the gossips predict . . . That Hedy Lamarr will give up her career if she finds the wealthy husband of her dreams . . . And that movies *will* be better than ever . . . Happy New Year!

THE END

Stars shown on pages 54 and 55 may be seen in the following pictures:

Phyllis Kirk is in "Three Guys Named Mike"; Robert Patten in "American Guerrilla in the Philippines"; Lee MacGregor in "Best of the Bad Men"; Joan Dixon in "Road Block"; Terry Moore in "Two of a Kind"; Richard Long in "Air Cadet"; Allene Roberts in "Union Station"; Scotty Beckett in "Gasoline Alley"; Johnny Sands in "Prisoner of War"; Vanessa Brown in "Three Husbands"; Betty Lynn in "Take Care of My Little Girl"; Jerome Courtland in "Santa Fe"; Polly Bergen Courtland in "War Path"; Roddy McDowall in "Big Timber"; Darryl Hickman in "Lightning Strikes Twice"; Barbara Whiting in "I Can Get It for You Wholesale"; Barbara Lawrence was seen last in "Peggy."

Roman History

(*Continued from page* 39) to gamble their safety against the uncertain future of a relatively obscure carnival outfit.

"The ironic part of it all," Ruth explains sadly to her friends, "is that the people who bought us out are now millionaires."

They were always poor. Not until Ruth got her break in the movies were the Romans able to move out of that noisy tenement section of West Boston.

The kids around that neighborhood were tough. "You had to be on your toes every minute." Ruth remembers, "You couldn't let them see you were scared or they'd torment the life out of you."

So Ruthie got tough, too. She took as good as they gave. She wore pants, played their games, and wasn't above trading punches with some of the boys when they got smart.

This kind of basic training was responsible for an amusing incident when Ruth was working in "The Window."

THE cast had come to New York to shoot some of the scenes. The locale, selected for its authenticity, was up around 185th Street. The very first morning of shooting, the entire crew became a target for abuse by the leading hoodlums of the area.

"Yah, Yah," someone shouted. "Lookit 'em big-shot movee stahs. Makin' a pitcha to put inna movees."

It became obvious to everyone that if this kind of heckling continued, they would have to stop work. No one knew quite how to handle the situation and then, suddenly, Ruth started toward the bunch of young hostiles with grim fury. They grew silent as she came toward them, and when she began to lambast them in their own native idiom they could only gape in astonishment and slink away.

"That was the funniest thing," she said later. "I did it without even thinking. I guess for those few moments, I was back in Boston."

Not all of Ruth's days in Boston were spent in the street, however. There was dignity if not luxury in the Roman household. Even though Suki had to resort to tedious, menial jobs like dishwashing or taking in laundry to keep them going, she found time to stimulate their interest in books and music. Especially ballet music. It was all of dancing Suki could still have.

From the start, Ruth's main interest was acting. As a child, she was terribly emotional. She resented the poverty and the eternal struggle for bare necessities. Even more than her sisters, she sensed the growing weariness of her mother, and it made her feel guilty. Most of this she was too young to understand, of course, but the feelings were just as sharp and just as painful.

The only thing that made it bearable was her escape into fantasy, and she had an incredible imagination. It is no surprise that Ruth found the whole idea of theater a fascinating one.

Her first activity in this field began when she started acting in children's plays at the community settlement house. When Ruth saw a sign outside the door which said, "Play Acting," that was all she needed. They produced little one-act plays like "Bridget and the Fairies."

After that when she wasn't acting she was reading about it. She read every book on drama she could absorb, even though a lot of it went over her head then.

"I'm still the same way," she admits. "I guess I love acting so much I can't bear not to be involved with it."

Perseverance landed her her first grown-up role with a group of semi-professional players when she was thirteen.

She had learned that the group under

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TUNE IN AMERICA'S FAVORITE DRAMATIC PROGRAM

"MY TRUE STORY"

EVERY MORNING, MONDAY-FRIDAY

AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY

the direction of Robert Delaney was preparing to cast for "Excursion."

She managed to see Delaney one afternoon at the theater and asked for a chance to read for the part of *Lollie*.

Delaney was annoyed. "My dear girl," he told her, "the part calls for a young girl of eighteen . . . practically a woman . . . you're too young for that."

"Try me," begged Ruth. "Just let me read it once for you. Just once, that's all."

Even an experienced director like Delaney couldn't hold out against such dogged passion. He told her to appear the following Sunday and read.

On Sunday, Ruth arrived before anyone else, a little pale, but sure of her ground. Delaney sat impassively in the audience with the rest of the cast. Ruth could see the older girls in the back were being amused by the whole thing. It distressed her for a moment, but she forgot them as she began to read. Her voice rang through the theater and as the words leaped to life *Lollie* emerged with gripping reality before an astonished audience. The girls in the back had stopped giggling.

"It wasn't so much that I was a good actress then, because I wasn't. But *Lollie* was me. Her anger and loneliness were things I knew too well. That's why those lines rang true when I read them."

Needless to say, she got the part.

The kids in the neighborhood were making things tough again. They didn't understand her devotion to the theater. When she stopped playing with them, and hung around with her fellow actors instead, they decided she'd gone high-hat. "Miss Stuck-Up" they called her and made fun of the poised way she was learning to walk. One of these days, she told herself, she'd show them. She'd go to New York, and become a famous actress. At that point, she naïvely assumed she would become a success the minute she arrived.

"But it wasn't like that," she recalls grimly. "New York was real frustration for me. It still makes me shudder. Most people don't know how many heartbreaking years there are behind a success in this business. All they can see is that you're a star with your name in lights. Some kind of magic put you there."

IT wasn't magic that wafted Ruth Roman to stardom. It wasn't a lucky coincidence, or knowing the right contact. It wasn't anything like this. It was sheer, unadulterated concentration, her ability to keep focused on her one deepset ambition.

There were times when she wavered a little. When she was fifteen, she was awarded a three-year scholarship to the Bishop Lee Dramatic School. It was strictly Junior League, but Ruth's exceptional talent kept others envying her instead of vice versa. "Imagine," she relates today with some astonishment. "Imagine those girls with their cashmere sweaters and shiny convertibles sitting there and wishing they were me. It's incredible. But they did. They used to tell me so."

At any rate, Ruth was just finishing up her first year there when she realized that the graduating seniors would be shipped to New York for their Broadway trials.

She decided she'd had enough schooling; what she needed was real professional experience, so she packed her battered suitcase with a few threadbare belongings, ten dollars she'd carefully saved from after-school jobs—and went off to conquer New York. If her mother thought she was crazy, she didn't say so. She quietly packed Ruth a lunch and kissed her goodbye.

"It was absolutely the dankest, darkest, rainiest night in the history of New York when I arrived," Ruth insists. Her raincoat was thin and so worn the water soaked right through. She was getting horribly depressed and somewhat frightened. The only place she could think of to stay was the YWCA. It was a nice, safe place.

In the morning it was worse. She couldn't bring herself to go out. She just sat in her room and cried, and finally that night, she took a train back to Boston.

"I don't know what got into me," Ruth confesses whenever the subject of this painful first flight comes up. "I must have been suffering from an acute case of ego. I thought I was as good as the seniors, in spite of the fact they had more training. But I guess part of me knew I wasn't. That's the part that paralyzed me when I reached New York."

When she returned to Boston, her mother made no comment. Ruth herself was silent for days, which was an extraordinary feat for a girl whose emotions were conveyed largely by sound.

Some time later, Suki made a quiet reference to her daughter's venture. "You can't build a house without a foundation."

Ruth knew she was right. She decided that the most important thing she could do to insure her future as an actress, was to learn everything there was about acting. She would study until she was blue in the face. Then she'd think about New York.

During the vacation months, Ruth joined summer stock groups. It was fine experience and by the time she was seventeen, she felt she was ready for New York.

She had saved enough money to keep her going for a few months. By that time, she'd surely have landed a part in a show.

She packed her suitcase again, this time for real, and headed for New York.

IT wasn't much better than before. She did do a few things. She had a bit in "Junior Miss" for a while, a walk-on part in some turkey that lasted one performance; and once she shouted "hooray" in a crowd scene. To say nothing of the week she became an understudy and lived in the wings.

"I was magnificent," she told her friends, years later. "They never forgot me. In fact, they never even saw me."

There was not even a real romantic interest to soften the loneliness of frustration.

Men had never played a very important part in Ruth's emotional life. She had always figured that someday there would be a man, and children, but first she wanted to find her niche as an actress.

"I used to fall in love," she will admit if you ask about the men in her life. "Madly. For twenty minutes each time."

There was nothing serious except once, while she was still in the East. She decided she was in love with a young man, married him without the slightest conception of what a real marriage involved. It lasted but a few months and both of them realized what a mistake it had been.

Ruth seldom speaks of it and prefers to forget the unhappiness it brought.

When Ruth's money was gone she had to look for work outside the theater. She took all kinds of jobs. She modeled, she addressed envelopes, she waited on tables. She even posed for pictures for crime magazine illustrations. She once described to Hedda Hopper a check she received from one magazine. On the back where the check had to be endorsed was the title of the story that went with the picture. It read "I'm Sorry I Killed You, Darling" and it was signed "Ruth Roman."

During her last year in New York, Ruth was fortunate in having a roommate who had an allowance from home. "She was wonderful to me," Ruth exclaims. "Whenever she had a date for dinner, she would ask me to come along. The young men couldn't refuse to have me. And I would consume enough food to last me for days."

BUT even the glow of good companions couldn't obscure the fact that Ruth Roman was no nearer to success than she had been the day she arrived. She felt she had wrung New York dry of possibilities, and that the only hope was Hollywood.

"It was day coach all the way and I arrived here with a broken back, a three-piece suit from Klein's, and $100."

She was scared, she admits. Scared plenty. She didn't know a soul. But she was determined to stick it out or die in the attempt. She found a little hotel in downtown Hollywood, changed into slacks and went up the Boulevard to Grauman's Chinese—like any good tourist, she says—and looked at the prints in the cement.

The picture that was playing that day had some glamorous movie queen for a heroine, and Ruth was suddenly filled with misgivings. "I was never a beauty," she said, recalling the moment. "And thougl I'd improved a lot since I was a kid, I knew I would never be a match for somebody like Lana Turner. It's different in the theater. There aren't any close-ups. Bu in the movies, you have to be beautiful. At least, that's what I thought then."

Ruth was worrying needlessly on two scores. One, you don't have to be beautiful to succeed in movies, and two, while her beauty is not regal or glamorous, it's an exciting, changing thing, like her personality. She is a curious blend of storm and tenderness. But it is her intelligence and aliveness which give her good looks the quality of beauty.

"When she first came to my house," recalls Marie Cote, housemother of that fabulous boarding house for aspiring young actresses which has been recently publicized as "The House of Seven Garbos," "she had on a pair of worn tennis shorts and her hair was in pigtails. She had a racket under her arm and wanted to know if she could play on the court. She looked like a kid from Junior High."

Ruth moved into Marie's house shortly after she landed in Hollywood.

"It's a mad, wonderful place," says Ruth who still visits there at least once a week. "It's like something out of 'Stage Door'."

Ruth Roman is Marie's favorite subject. "There was something special about her from the first," she declares with pride. "It wa that fantastic drive of hers, I guess. She was like a wild young colt down from pasture. Wouldn't stop trying for a minute. Even when she was just reading plays around the house with the other kids, she acted as if it were the most important thing in her life."

Finally, Marie recalls, Ruth managed to get a few tiny parts here and there. Then other things began to come along, including a bit part in "The Web." It wasn't much, of course, but it was enough to attract the attention of David Selznick, who immediately put her under contract.

It was a great gesture, but a fruitless one. He didn't have any roles for her and though Ruth was grateful for the money, what she wanted most was to act.

She asked for a release and got it.

She was even more restless by this time. She was getting near enough her goal to be tantalized. The tensions mounted within her and doubled her tempo.

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"My, but she was noisy," Marie says fondly, "but she never inflicted her temper on people around her. She might get heated in an argument and yell like the dickens, but it was mostly excitement."

Everyone who has known Ruth will testify to her lovableness. When she began to earn money, she shared it with her less fortunate buddies. She would lend them her clothes. She even tried to get them jobs. "It's only fair," she would tell them when they tried to thank her. "You stuck by me when I was broke."

Now that Ruth has found her niche, and is considerably more grown-up, she is willing to think in terms of a real heart interest. "I want a husband just like any woman," she admits. "But I want one for keeps. That's what's taking me so long. I want to be sure he's the right one."

What does she think the "right one" will have to be? "Compassionate," she says, "and bright, with lots of humor. He doesn't have to be an actor. He doesn't have to be famous or even handsome. Just a real person, that's all."

DURING those months after her release from Selznick, Ruth used to visit Dore Schary. Dore had also worked for Selznick, and Ruth always had a tremendous admiration for him. Schary liked Ruth, too. He kept telling her he'd give her the chance she wanted some day. Ruth had heard things like this from other people, but from Schary it rang true.

When he got to be head of the studio at RKO, Ruth dropped in to see him. His secretary said he was too busy to see anyone, and Ruth blew up. "O.K.," she said, and the sparks from her eyes could have melted the glass off the desk, "Tell him I think he's gone big-head."

The next day, she got a phone call from the secretary, who, much to Ruth's distress, had given Schary her message verbatim.

She was a little uncomfortable about seeing him then, but his warmth and humor soon disarmed her. He made a joke of the entire incident and told her that he thought he had a part for her in a little picture called "The Window."

That was it. That was the break Ruth had been waiting for, for the picture turned out to be a huge success, carrying Ruth right along with it.

Of course, at the time the picture was in production, no one dreamed it would be so successful. It was surprise box-office.

Most of the time during the filming, Ruth was gloomy. The role was a depressing one and she is always deeply affected by any part she plays.

"Her imagination is at work, even when *she* isn't," confides one of her close friends. "She's always sure she's got some awful disease and she never admits she's merely depressed like other people—she insists she's ill. Deathly ill."

But the gloom was worth it. Before "The Window" was released to the public, producer Stanley Kramer saw it. He also saw Ruth Roman. He was looking for an actress to play the good girl role in "The Champion" opposite Kirk Douglas. He decided Ruth was the answer.

Even before "The Champion" was released, she had her long-term contract at Warners.

Since then she has made a number of pictures, among them "Beyond the Forest," "Colt .45," "Barricade," and "Always Leave Them Laughing." Others, which will be released by the time you read this, are "Three Secrets" and "Dallas." Her first picture as a star will be "Lightning Strikes Twice" with Richard Todd.

Thus endeth our chapter on early Roman history.

But there are more conquests to come. You'll see.

THE END

NOW IT'S FUN TO REDUCE

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Sylvia of Hollywood has no patience with those who say they can't reduce. She says, "A lot of women think the beauties of the screen and stage are the natural born favorites of the gods. Let me tell you they all have to be improved upon before they are presented to the public. Yes, I know, you are going to come back at me and say, 'But look at the money they have to spend on themselves. It's easy to do it with money.'

"Let me tell you something else. I've been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I've treated many moneyed women. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases, money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves."

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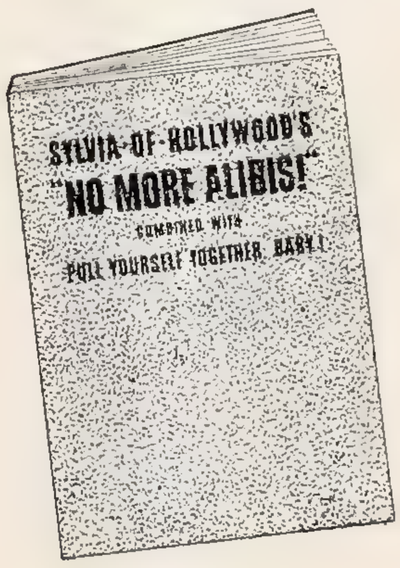

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PARTIAL CONTENTS—NEW EDITION

Too Much Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat. Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs—Off with That Double Chin! Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose. Advice For The Adolescent—The Woman Past Forty—The Personality Figure, Glamour Is Glandular, This Thing Called Love, Cure-For-The-Blues Department, Take a Chance!

(*Continued from page* 57) under contract to David O. Selznick for a year, and had had only minor roles in two pictures: "Since You Went Away" and "I'll Be Seeing You," under the name of Dare Harris. He had been under contract at Twentieth Century-Fox, and had not made a picture. Now he was under contract to Columbia, and if a man could live with fingers and toes crossed, he would have done it. He was also practical: He spent a full business day, every week day, at the studio. He spent several hours daily studying with famed drama coach Benno Schneider. He haunted sets; he saw a picture almost every night. He was in training quite as much as if he had been trying to make a football team, and he didn't relax his efforts or give in to discouragement for eighteen long months.

Kirk Douglas scored in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," but made very little headway for nearly two years, until "The Champion" was placed in production.

The list of similar experiences is endless.

However, once that first starring picture has been completed, a new set of problems arises. There are suddenly twenty scripts crying for the casting of this star. The bewildered star is delighted to have five pictures lined up in advance. He reports on the set thirty minutes early each day. He has a week off between his second and third picture, a weekend off between his third and fourth, an afternoon off between his fourth and fifth.

One morning when he awakens he finds himself done in, totally exhausted, shot. He calls his studio and explains. Usually his breakdown has been anticipated, so the majority of his coworkers understand, but someone, for some reason, is certain to report to a columnist that the player has developed "temperament."

At first, the fact of his "temperament" being considered copy for a syndicated column strikes the player as being faintly absurd. He is likely to dial the scribe's number and set things right. However, after thought, there comes a towering realization: He, the struggling nobody, has become a star; henceforth, everything about him is news.

If you were such a star, you would read rather intimate disclosures of your plans or your problems in magazines and in gossip columns. A Hollywood picture star soon finds that everything said or thought about him finds its way into print.

Having absorbed this truth, you—as an arrived star—must steer a careful course. You must not be dull, for to be dull is the capital crime in theatrical circles, but you must not be notorious, either. Nowadays, studios are not inclined to overlook the antics of theatrical problem children; there are too many talented people who are available and begging for jobs for studio officials to endure stars who bring calumny upon Hollywood.

No matter how hard a star has worked to attain stardom, there is still more work, more study, more grooming, more seasoning to be done.

When Anne Baxter was cast in "You're My Everything," in which she was required to be a flapper (1923 era), she spent weeks in the hairdressing department experimenting with a coiffeur which would please both herself and the director.

During the years of her apprenticeship and her stardom, Anne has changed her eyebrows "at least twenty times." Currently she is back to her natural contours.

Like almost every other young player in Hollywood, Anne sees as many plays as possible, and when Los Angeles' few legitimate theaters are dark, and a trip to New York isn't possible, Anne, John, and a group of their friends get together and read new plays aloud.

THE arrived star tries to do as many radio programs as possible because radio is a polishing medium. Incidentally, the background people or bit players in radio are highly esteemed by picture players.

Everyone who knows anything about the theater is familiar with the cliche that a successful comedian yearns to play *Hamlet*, and a successful tragedian aspires to enact the court jester.

Donald O'Connor, a thoroughly competent young comic, has something to say on the subject. "I'm perfectly honest about it: I'd like to play *Hamlet*, or *Romeo* in 'Romeo and Juliet,' or some such heavy drama. Why? Well, once a player has attained success in a certain type of role, there is a tendency on the part of producers to cast him repeatedly in the same sort of thing. Young stars are right when they protest against repeating the same characterization endlessly. To preserve themselves as many-sided performers, they *must* fight for a change of pace."

Another professional responsibility of the successful player is to *look* like a movie star when away from the studio.

Being glamorous on the set is fairly easy because of the studio's staff of technical talent whose job is keeping a star's appearance tiptop.

Away from the studio, when a star is shopping, driving about the city, going to the beach, or merely relaxing, it is natural to do as the rest of the world does in similar circumstances—and relax about appearance.

The arrived star soon discovers that ease is for the inconspicuous. A famous person who is seen in old dungarees, world-weary sweater, sweatshirt or antique mocassins, is criticized.

Until you really make a study of the problems of assembling a wardrobe, you may think—as the average woman does—that if you spend large sums on your clothes you will automatically be a candidate for a "best-dressed" list. This is a mistaken idea. One famous Hollywood personality who spends staggering sums on clothing, has a reputation for being wrongly dressed. She always wears too much af everything: Jeweled pins, necklaces, feathers, flowers, veils and hats.

Once you have mastered the wardrobe problem so that you never have to step into the closet and say, "I have *nothing* to wear," you, as a newly arrived luminary, are faced by a far more subtle social problem:

One great sadness has tempered your success—many of your old-time friends have slipped away. Some have succeeded along with you (and these have become more important than ever to you), but the majority have lost the race.

You have tried to keep in touch with those whose luck has been bad, but life moves faster than the human will. You haven't had time to place the leisurely telephone calls. It is true that you haven't changed in some respects, but in others you have, and there is no help for it.

The fact remains that in whatever efforts you *have* made to keep the old friendships, something has gone wrong. You have tried too hard, and the friends have held back. So you, like every other arrived star, would find your circle of friends changing. You would be invited to some truly charming social affairs.

At such parties you would be likely to meet literary celebrities such as James Hilton, James M. Cain, Frank Scully, whose new book about flying saucers is being talked about, and Anita Loos, of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" fame. You would find that you would be more comfortable in such company if you knew and could discuss something of the work of authors like Dickens and Dostoevski, Flaubert and Faulkner, Henry James and James Michener. If you were lost when the conversation skipped away from the comics, you would decide to find out exactly with what Dr. Eliot's five-foot-bookshelf was stocked and to read every book.

Your further education would not stop at literature. You would begin to haunt art galleries in your spare time. On personal appearance tours, you would do your best to see as many galleries as possible, and you would buy and study books about the art of sculpture. You would understand why Cary Grant enjoys the work of Raoul Dufy and why Eve Arden buys Grandma Moses.

You would have a record collection ranging from Bach to Berlin. You would buy for reference such useful works as "Great Symphonies; How to Recognize and Remember Them," "Great Program Music; How to Recognize and Remember It," both by Sigmund Spaeth, and "The Music Lovers' Handbook" edited by Elie Siegmeister.

In brief, you would be broadening your horizons and further acquainting yourself with the magic world of the creative artist.

So much for the upward and onward phase of your life at this particular stage of development.

Unfortunately, your personal problems

make a new year's resolution

to send your votes in early for color pictures of

Your favorite actor — Your favorite actress

AND

Your favorite pin-up girl

(Our pin-up feature is becoming a popular attraction so don't waste time mailing in your vote.)

Send your votes to
Readers Poll Editor, c/o Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

would have increased along with your fame. One of the greatest would have to do with money.

Your pay checks would be, in your own eyes which are in a measure still those of a struggling dramatic student, colossal. You would have to kick yourself to remember that the money was not yours. Federal and state income taxes would take seventy per cent and over of every dollar you earned. You would awake some morning to discover you were in deep financial difficulty. You would have bought a new car, a new home, a new wardrobe and suddenly would have realized that you didn't have enough money in the bank to pay your income taxes.

YOU would employ a business manager who would put you on a budget. You would find yourself in much the situation of Donald O'Connor, who has avoided trouble because his business manager allows Mr. O'Connor exactly fifty dollars per week for expenses. The rest of his check pays his bills, provides for taxes depreciation, and savings.

In addition to your own financial problems, you would discover what almost every other celebrity has learned: Every family loves a successful member. You would be informed that *Uncle Threadbare* always knew you were a good boy and could succeed, and would you please make the next payment on his mortgage. You would be told that *Cousin Sulphur* was coming to Hollywood and would like to live with you until he could find work and living quarters.

It also is at this particular stage of a star's development that a new and sometimes terrible element enters his or her experience, and it is especially terrifying to realize that the element is likely to become an integrated part of life from that point on. It is called Loneliness.

Many a beautiful girl sits at home because she has no escort for an important social event. This is her problem. If her first marriage has broken up, she is beset by wolves until they learn that she has integrity, then they disappear. The nice boys, the ones she would welcome as friends, are afraid to seek her, first because of her eminence, secondly, because many of them can't pick up the check without living on beans for the rest of the week and third, because they are afraid of being turned down if they should ask for a date.

Even when a girl is happily married, she cannot escape long periods of loneliness, particularly if she is married to a man who is also in the picture business. Two careers in the same household are tricky to manage. There are times when a man must be away from home. A wife who has no career can follow along, but when she's an actress under contract, she has to remain on the job. Also, when *she* is sent on location, her husband can seldom accompany her.

A girl who remains in Hollywood while her husband is away, is restricted in her activities. Her agent might like to take her dancing. And certainly there could be no criticism leveled at such an outing *if the situation were understood.* Nine times out of ten, however, the agent's face is not as well known as his name, so he and the star are photographed, and the photograph is widely circulated with the caption, "Beautiful Helen Hennessey dancing at Ciro's with a friend." Whereupon the next voice you hear is that of rumor suggesting that Helen and husband are rifting.

The established star has another great enemy in addition to loneliness: it is time. Everything seems to take more time than it should, and there are more and more activities crying for their share of time which does not exist.

Have *you* ever thought that it would boost attendance at your charity benefit if Jeanne Crain only would attend? Has it occurred to *you,* when Kathryn Grayson was in your town on a personal appearance tour that it would aid your church festival income if Kathryn would autograph records in one of your booths?

Such ideas occur to thousands of people all over the world whenever a celebrity is in the vicinity, or is within flying distance of a town.

When the star is in Hollywood, he or she is living in an area populated by some four million people, all active, all eager for celebrity help in putting over a pet project.

All of these are the outside problems of the young star. They have to do with the exterior which faces the world. Far more serious problems are those of the spirit. Shortly after the player has attained the pinnacle which he has been climbing with fine disregard for his anguish and arnica-covered ambition, he is likely to develop a crushing anxiety complex.

Let us say that *you* have arrived; your name is known throughout the land, and your picture appears monthly in every notion picture magazine.

But striving has become part of your nature. You have to be fighting for *something.* You try to do too much. You make too many personal appearances, you show up at too many benefits, you manage to be too social, too professional, too frantic.

You look around at the newcomers. They are, usually, younger than you, fierier, keener, not so blunted by experience and hard-won knowledge. They seem to be better equipped, and the chances are that their training has been better because each decade provides some human progress.

If you aren't careful, you will end on the couch of a psychiatrist.

HOWEVER, it should be pointed out that awareness of competition is not entirely a bad thing. No established player, glancing over his shoulder at the gifted, sparkling new crop coming on, dares to let down. He stays younger, he looks better, he keeps alert and vital longer, he gives himself a better life, and gives everyone he meets a better person to know. He cannot afford to grow fat, physically or mentally.

There are many other satisfying facets of theatrical success, but at least two should be mentioned at this point.

If you were Betty Hutton, you would have met General Eisenhower and have come to know him while you were entertaining troops overseas during World War II. If you were Hugh Marlowe, you would have met Einstein. You would get to know, because *you* were well known, the leaders in government, in business, and in the arts.

If you managed your money carefully, you would be able to give material comforts to your loved ones. When Donald O'Connor was honorably discharged from the Army he discovered that he had reached the age of twenty-one and could use the funds accumulated during his saving years as a minor.

He bought his mother a house. He bought a house for his brother. He bought a car for each. He bought Gwen a fur coat. Donald's experience is typical. Show business people are notably generous with those they love. They do what all loving people throughout the world would like to do.

Success of every kind is a dream come true, and you—like the usual Hollywood star—would be gay, kind, generous; humble, grateful and dedicated if you had arrived at your cherished goal and all of life spread before you, a roseate panorama.

No matter how high a successful star may go, there's always another height to be scaled, other problems to be solved. Next month's instalment tells you how some of the stars solve the problems that face them.

THE END

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DORA'S UP WITH MIDOL

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(*Continued from page* 28) The reason? I had given him a pitiless dressing down the week previous, on my radio show, for his treatment of Elizabeth at *two* Hollywood parties. On both occasions she had spent the evening in the powder room, crying.

I also knew this for sure: Two hours after Elizabeth and Nicky arrived in New York from their three-and-a-half months' European honeymoon, the distraught bride had called her studio.

"Send someone to bring me home," she sobbed over 3,000 miles of telephone wire, "I can't take any more of this." A few hours later she checked out of the Plaza Hotel and flew to Chicago *alone*.

A representative from M-G-M (a young press agent and close friend of Elizabeth's) was to meet her and fly back to the Coast with her after making the official announcement that Liz had left Nicky.

BUT, meanwhile, Nicky who was driving their car from New York to Chicago, arrived before the studio guardian. He went immediately to his bride's suite.

"Elizabeth, darling!" he said with a catch in his voice.

"Oh, Nicky, Nicky!" Elizabeth cried, rushing into his arms.

And that ended *that* narrow escape as their marriage skidded so close to wreckage.

With this knowledge of their troubles as a basis, I felt I had good and just reason to try to snap Nicky to his senses before it was too late.

On Nicky's side—I had heard he considered me a cruel and hardened newspaper woman who had aired his troubles to millions of listeners just for a story.

That's the way we stood when the young Hiltons arrived at my house. An initial strain between us was natural, at first. An hour later, I think both Nicky and I had changed our minds.

What innate charm and sweetness he has! Not a "fake" charm, mind you, put on for my benefit to get me off his neck. But his sincerity and straightforwardness is even more important a part of his personality than his good looks, his youth (he is twenty-four) and the background of his wealth. I have known his father, Conrad Hilton Sr., hotel magnate, for many years. But I had never had a chance to really know Nicky Jr. until this day.

He put his cards on the table from the very moment we started to talk seriously.

"Elizabeth and I are going through a period of adjustment faced by every young married couple," he said. "Most couples have the privilege of working out their problems in privacy. We don't. We can't close our blinds and have our misunderstandings in private. The whole world knows every time we quarrel and gets in the ring with us like a referee at a prize fight!"

I wondered if that was a crack. But I couldn't restrain a smile. Nicky looked at me quizzically—and then broke into a boyish smile.

"The next time you let fly at me, tell me—not *millions!*" he said—and then we both laughed. That broke the ice.

While Nicky and I had been squaring off, Elizabeth, looking like a sub-deb in her pretty Ceil Chapman dress and coat (they were going on to a night football game later) had been sitting quietly by, a little on the nervous side. Now she turned to her handsome young husband and said quickly:

"See? I told you to wait until you knew her—even if she did scold you on the radio." It was the first time I had been so openly discussed to my face—but it made my heart warm toward these youngsters who live so pitilessly in the glare of the spotlight.

Nicky reached over and patted her hand. The look she turned on him was shining with love. Don't anybody tell me she isn't very much in love with him!

"Elizabeth and I are going to be happy for the best reason in the world," this boy said to me. "I love her—and she loves me." There was no attempt at dramatization in his voice. He meant it. Straight from the heart.

I thought back over the gossip of all the spats they had had in Europe and suddenly many things were clear to me. How could it be otherwise? They are so young and inexperienced—and yet we have expected them to act with the wisdom of people of great worldly experience.

Admittedly, they are both a little spoiled. Elizabeth, at eighteen, is the darling of a great studio. Her every whim has been anticipated and gratified. Nicky is the scion of an enormously wealthy family. He, too, has usually had his way, indulged by both a doting father and his mother (remarried and living in Texas).

And yet, we wiser heads expected them to take the center of the spotlight—and make no mistakes? Maybe *Cinderella* and *Prince Charming* could live happily—with no jolts—ever after. But they are fiction people. Elizabeth and Nicky are very human—and more lovable for it, I think.

As though she felt she had been out of the conversation too long, Elizabeth suddenly spoke up. "Of course, we have had quarrels," she said spunkily. "But I have said just as many horrid things to Nicky as he has to me!"

Believe me, I could hardly keep my face straight at this wifely defense of a spouse under fire. Once underway, she put in another thrust.

"You said I was so thin and had lost so much weight," she piped up. "Well, Nicky lost eight pounds in Europe, too!"

Now we all had to laugh. I waved my white handkerchief in surrender and noticed that Nicky very tactfully changed the subject.

"I am going to buy a house for Elizabeth," he said, smiling. "She cooked dinner for me last night. We had lamb chops, peas and salad—not bad," he appraised, honestly.

The idea of this dainty girl doing household chores was a little too much—and Nick met the twinkle in my eye with an answering one.

"I did the dishes," he answered my unspoken query. "We have a cook now so Liz won't have to go into the kitchen unless she wants to."

ELIZABETH took over the conversation here, full of talk about how she is redecorating the bridal suite at Nick's Bel Air Hotel until their new house is bought.

"Nicky and his brother Tom turned the whole redecorating job over to me and told me to do it any way I liked," she said.

The young Hiltons have just bought a dog—a tiny French poodle. I realized how young Elizabeth is when she told of how the poodle dragged one of her *nightgowns* across the living room when they were having guests—and how she almost *died* of embarrassment. "The dog is a retriever," she said solemnly. At that Nicky let out a howl.

"Her dog," he explained, "is just two months old and just a baby."

Just then my cocker spaniel, Jimmie, came in and made a bee-line for Nicky, licked his hand and stayed right by his side until he left. "I love cockers," young Hilton said.

They both love animals so much they told me a ridiculous story of catching a tiny field mouse in their suite and of feeding it crackers and cheese and keeping it for several days before they turned it loose. They couldn't bear to kill it.

This Nick is such a swell kid I wondered how he almost got in the spot of "the heavy" with the public. When he told me that he had been on a battleship for ten months during the war and was anchored just off Japan when peace broke—I think I understood that answer, too.

Like many guys, young ones, particularly, who come back to civilian life from the horrors of military service—Nick had the problem of readjustment to civilian life. Many of them had chips on their shoulders. Many of them felt misunderstood and wanted to be left alone.

Although the problem of getting back his job or financial worries were not Nicky's—he was still imbued with that desire for independence and privacy, and the right to live his own life free of being bossed.

WHEN he met and fell in love with Hollywood's beautiful Cinderella girl—millions of fans had their own idea of how he should conduct himself. As I see it now, I believe Nick's sulkiness during the early stages of their marriage to be the direct result of what he thought to be "prying" into their private life. That—and too much idleness during their long honeymoon.

And, perhaps, too much money to spend. And too few real responsibilities.

Now—all this is changed.

Elizabeth's bridegroom is up at seven-thirty every morning. "You have to be when you are in the hotel business," he explained. "My father has worked hard all his life and he expects my brothers and me to do the same.

"I go over all the figures of the daily receipts—my special job being the Bel Air Hotel in which I have bought part interest," he said. "This makes me particularly anxious to keep an eye on everything and active in the management," he smiled.

"With Nick working most of the day," Liz interjected, "I'm going to be glad to get back to the studio again. I have had six months off—and that is a long time to be idle. Besides, a honeymoon can't last forever," she nodded her head sagely. "We're just plain married people now."

Nick gave her an affectionate peck on the cheek. You can tell that Elizabeth's marital ideas sometimes amuse him under the deep affection he has for her.

This new maturity in Nick is one of the best reasons I believe they will be happy. It is good for a husband to feel protective and indulgent toward his wife.

Before they took off for that all important football game, they asked me if they might make a tour of my house. So we went upstairs to look at my bedroom (also newly redecorated) and Dr. Martin's new quarters.

When we came back downstairs and I walked with them to the door, Nicky impulsively grabbed my hand.

"I like you," he said. "You're different from what I expected. Remember—the next time I get out of line—you'll tell me, and not the world!"

My money says these kids will work it out.

Not that there won't be other hurdles—and yes, other battles. But even with the world "spying" on a stubborn young bridegroom and a world-famous bride—I'll bet these two young people have the fundamental strength and character and sweetness and humor for a fine marriage.

THE END

(*Continued from page* 35) decisions, he can't live with uncertainty. Therefore, when a picture's finished, he heads for the ranch of Ray Woods, a Texan friend, and stays till he's called back.

It's true that he fits into no Hollywood pattern, for which he condemns neither the town nor himself.

"To each his own," says Audie. "I like horses and skeet-shooting. I don't like the taste of liquor and cigarettes, so I don't smoke or drink. I feel stupid sitting in night clubs like a wet owl. People don't seem to realize that if you say no to the first drink, you're going to say no to the second and third and fourth. Saves wear and tear on us all if I keep out."

He's been tagged a dour character, which he isn't—though his humor, rooted in irony, is more likely to bring chuckles than belly-laughs. An ex-member of his Army unit still curses Murph out for putting him on patrol. "Not me," counters Audie. "I just volunteered for you." Questioned as to whether he was going back to war, he said, "Sure. I'll talk to General Hershey and see if I can't get you in too."

On a scene in "The Kid from Texas," he kept asking for more rehearsals. Kurt Neumann, the director, grew impatient. "You're okay, Audie. Let's get on with it."

Audie shook a doleful head. "I'm working under a great handicap."

"What's that?"

"No talent."

John Huston apparently disagrees. He fought and won to get Murphy the lead in Crane's "Red Badge of Courage." Audie's under contract to U-I. M-G-M felt that the plum should fall to a player of their own. What finally sold them, among other things, was a flood of calls from people who love the book. "The soldier's real. Get a real soldier to play him."

Audie loves the book too and wanted the part, yet half hoped he wouldn't get it. His present unit was called up for two weeks' encampment last August. Asking for a postponement bothered him. "Looks as though you're not certain. I *am* certain. But some of the guys might not understand."

He's Captain Murphy now of the Texas National Guard, having enlisted when the Korean fighting broke out. "If the United States goes to war, I figure Texas'll go too, and I want to be with a Texas outfit."

Any hint that he may have done his share falls on dry ground. His closest G.I. friendship is with Perry Pitt, who came out of World War II a paraplegic. Pitt feels the need to go back. He knows he can't but the need remains. "They could stick me into a foxhole and let me shoot. Save some other guy from being crocked up like I am."

To many, this makes no sense. It makes fine sense to Audie. "For a country like ours, I don't think you could ever do enough. I feel very strongly about Korea, and can't understand those who don't. Besides, it's not just Korea. It's survival for us and our kids and our whole way of life. Wherever we're fighting, I might as well be there as anyone else. I've had the experience."

On the other hand, he doesn't flourish the flag. Loathing communism and fascism alike, he also recognizes the flaws in our own system. Flaws and all, he believes it's the only system. He believes fiercely in what America stands for—freedom and human rights and dignity for all men. He believes that under the slow process of democracy we'll achieve our goals. Though rated fifty per cent disabled, when he's called to active duty, he'll drop work and go.

Audie was the son of an unsuccessful sharecropper. His earliest memories are of working in the fields. He still doesn't know the rules of baseball, since in his boyhood there was no time to play. "But if I were that poor again and poorer, I'd never turn to communism, which tells a man he can't belong to himself. If you don't belong to yourself, you're better off dead."

A major clue to Murphy undoubtedly lies in his mother. She was a quiet person of rare inward strength. Her religion was the "golden rule." Audie gathered his knowledge of her from what she did rather than what she said. Through years of hardship and illness, he never heard her complain. Every night she'd wash Audie's one pair of overalls, so they'd be clean for school next day. And every day he'd tangle with some kid who yelled "Short-britches!" since the overalls failed to keep pace with his growth.

At fourteen, with his older brothers and sister married, he became head of the household. Between Audie and his mother there had always been a deep unspoken understanding. They were now drawn closer by the problem of existence—just as, in later years, the problem of existence on another level drew him close to his buddies. His mother's failing health made it necessary to let the farm go. Audie worked in grocery stores and at service stations, earning a high of $14 a week. With this, pieced out by odd jobs his little

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brothers could snag, they got by.

His mother's illness was long drawn out and painful. She never discussed it nor showed any fear of death. Her patience under suffering and his own helplessness bit into Audie's heart. "You want to do something with your hands," he says, "and you can't. All I could do was stand by and watch her die."

He was sixteen when the end came. The younger children were sent to an orphanage. This, too, was a bitter pill, but he had to swallow it. His first act on being discharged from the Army was to buy a house for his older sister, so that the young ones might be released in her care.

In 1942 he yearned to join the paratroopers, because they wore such beautiful boots. Since he weighed only 112 pounds, they turned him down. So did the Marines. Falsifying his age by a year, he finally made it into Company B, 15th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Division, and promptly distinguished himself by fainting in close order drill.

He joined as a private and came out a lieutenant, having won all his promotions in the field. He joined for adventure, and came out with a profound sense of responsibility toward his fellowman. His friends think that his friend Lattie Tipton's death marked a turning point for Audie. Up to then, he'd been awarded the Bronze Star. The rest came after Tippy died.

It happened on D-Day in southern France. They'd shot two Germans in a foxhole and jumped into the hole themselves to reconnoiter. Somebody waved a white flag. As they stood up, the enemy machine-guns started. Tippy's body fell back against Audie and the dead Germans.

War is war. A fake flag of surrender is something else again. It made Audie mad. Icy and purposeful, he climbed out, took shelter where he could, and killed or wounded every German on the hill. For which he later received the Distinguished Service Cross. His job done, he returned to the foxhole, pulled Tippy's body out, removed his personal effects, made a pillow for his head, then sat down beside him and bawled like a baby.

He's given all his medals away to kids. This indicates no lack of appreciation on his part. He can be just as grateful without owning the medals, and somewhat more comfortable with the memory of those who gave their lives. "How can I flaunt the Distinguished Service Cross?" he once asked. "Tippy did as much as I, and all he got out of it was a wooden cross."

He came out knowing that he *was* his brother's keeper, but he refuses to let that feeling be fancified. Audie's citations read like a miracle. So do some of his exploits. A publisher, considering his book, "To Hell and Back," sat agape over the story of Murph sending his men back to prepared positions, while he directed artillery fire alone against six tanks and 250 Germans.

"There must have been some great spiritual awakening here," said the publisher, "which ought to be stressed."

"Nothing of the kind," returned Murphy. "I was just tired of seeing men die. They had wives and kids to go home to. I had nothing. If one man could do the job, why kill thirty?"

He wrote the book partly in response to thousands of letters, partly out of desperation for something to do. Originally his heart had been set on West Point after the war. This proved physically impossible, since he'd been shot up a little worse than he realized. Then came Jimmy Cagney's offer of a contract, Audie was inclined to shrug it off at first. However, while glory rained on all sides, jobs hid their heads. Texas folk seemed reluctant to hire Murphy, lest they be accused of cashing in on his publicity. You can't eat glory. So Audie came to Hollywood. It presented a challenge, and a challenge is something he's temperamentally unfit to turn down.

"Cagney," he says, "was always wonderful to me. He simply had nothing for me to do, and you can't take money for doing nothing. The studios were opposed to using me, probably for the same reason as in Texas. Apart from the fact that I couldn't act, which they seemed to think important."

During the drought, he and writer Spec McClure came to be friends. "Why don't you put some of that stuff on paper," asked Spec, "and let me see it?" This notion seemed to Murphy an improvement over eyeing four walls. He went to work. Spec helped him arrange and edit the material. "Without him," says Audie, "I couldn't have done it."

Meantime, through Paul Short's backing and his own good test, he got "Bad Boy." Then the Universal contract.

HIS marriage to Wanda Hendrix shattered on that well-known Hollywood reef—career trouble. Wanda, too, had broken through lean times into glamourland. Her career was important, financially and otherwise. Audie knew and accepted this. Other movie marriages might go to pot. He and Wanda were different. It couldn't happen to them. But it did happen.

On the surface, their differences may have seemed minor ones. Wanda loves the gaiety of parties, as most girls do. Audie detests parties. The crowds hem him in, the dancing means nothing to him.

The molehills grew into mountains, revealing a basic rift. On one side stood Wanda, clinging to both husband and work. On the other stood Audie, realizing at last that he couldn't share his wife with her job, realizing too that he had no right to ask her to give it up. But neither could *he* give up the conviction that a woman belonged first at her husband's side.

He lives in a pleasant two-room apartment, and looks after it himself except when he's working. His idea of a good evening is to sit with friends and have dinner and talk. Sometimes he likes to be near them and not talk. The sense of their presence is enough. Sometimes he doesn't feel like barging in on them. In which case, he stays home with his books and records.

For the past five years he's been giving himself the education he missed in childhood—an education he must have hungered for. He's highly articulate, and there's no trace of the sharecropping farmer in his speech. His manner reflects the poise of inner security. In music, his taste runs to symphonies and old operettas—jazz is too jumpy for him.

He appraises humans for what they are. His sights cut through rank, position and wealth, which leaves him unawed. At a Washington dinner he sat beside General Marshall. Someone asked later what he thought of Marshall. "I liked him," said Audie. "He seemed a very humble, simple, honest man."

By the same token, he can't abide a phony, and gives them short shrift. His bluntness can wither or electrify, depending on where you sit. A major, decked out in Pentagon ribbons, expressed a desire to meet Audie Murphy on the set. He went into the tired routine about medals.

"Yeah," said Murphy.

"I'd like an autographed picture of you, Lieutenant."

"Let's cut out the bull," Audie suggested. "I'm no longer a soldier. If you want a picture of me as an actor, that's fine."

He has a great tenderness for children, and the shyest will climb into his lap. "The only innocent things left in life," he's been heard to remark, "are kids and dogs." His favorite hangout is a filling station run by an ex-cop named Earl McCaskill. One day he was teaching McCaskill's two-year-old, Roddy, to dance. An agent happened by, and Roddy wound up as the little oatmeal fiend in "Sitting Pretty."

For animals also, he feels a sense of protectiveness. In his time he's shot two or three deer, but that time is over. Now he'll stalk them for hours and, having caught up with them, turn away. "It's just an excuse for being outdoors. I find there's nothing like a mountain to cut a man down to size."

Overseas once they trapped a convoy of horse-drawn artillery and wiped the whole thing out. Some of the horses were wounded and crying, which broke his heart altogether. Men make wars, horses don't. You can evacuate a wounded soldier. All you can do for a horse is kill him.

He has three of his own—two in Texas, one in California. The Californian is a humorist. Audie found him in Utah, peeking round the corner like a coy dish and skittering away when the man tried to catch him. So he stopped trying, and there stood the clown at his elbow, sampling his ear. Audie paid twice what he was worth in horseflesh. The excess was for laughs.

His friends have to watch their step with him. Admire the shirt on his back, and it's yours. "Too little for me. My shoulders got broader." Refuse it, and you'll find it in the back of your car.

A girl once said of him: "When I first met Audie, he looked so young and helpless, I wanted to mother him. That passed. I never knew a guy who could take such good care of himself."

Up to a point she was right. He can cope even with loneliness, but he likes no part of it. Rather than eat a solitary meal, he'll go without food till he finds himself trembling. We're all lonely to a degree. Murphy's loneliness is intensified by long and intimate knowledge of pain, by his acceptance of its place in life and by his personal craving for home and children.

"I'm a simple character," he says, "and I like all the simple things. The family instinct is strong in me. A wife and kids give you more to live for. That's what I dreamed of all through the war. That's what I wanted most and still want most.

"The problem lies in me. I'm moody, I'm not easy to get along with, I'm over-critical in little ways. Maybe I demand too much—a girl who'd overlook my faults, because I can't change—a girl I'd be able to depend on to the last breath. Maybe I don't have enough to offer in return. I wouldn't know. All I know is, I can't settle for less."

THE END

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Oh, That Horrible Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 46) to be a Whoop De Do auctioneer—which he previously had downright refused to be.

They stop at nothing, these stars, for the success of their party. In no other community but "that horrible, horrible Hollywood" do I know women with difficult, taxing jobs and homes, husbands and children, who work so untiringly for charity.

No wonder their parties net such fabulous sums of money. The County Fair set up at the Ladd ranch raised $15,000 to help blue babies—so it was worth the work that went into it. Professional divers and swimmers staged an aquatic show in the pool. There was an enormous platform for square dancing. A cowboy quartet and dancers performed on an adjoining hillside. There were games of chance. And Bill Demarest emceed a show in which Dorothy Lamour and Burns and Allen, among others, were starred.

Not much appeared about this in the papers except for a story about a couple who attended the party and were later arrested for drunken driving. "Ladd Party Guests Arrested" the headlines ran.

THE Chuck Wagon Whoop De Do at the Beverly Hills Hotel, co-hostessed by Betty Hutton and Esther Williams, put over $30,000 in the building fund of the Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children.

Jane Wyman got $950—from Mike Romanoff—for her doll, dressed in pale pink *mousseline de soie* with a lavender sash.

"That's okay," Red Skelton, one of the auctioneers, told Mike. "You'll make that back, easily, on three steaks."

Marie McDonald sold a single package of cigarettes for $500. Ann Blyth, Arlene Dahl, Nancy Davis, Mona Freeman, Betty Garrett, Janet Leigh, Ann Miller, Donna Reed and Ruth Warrick, as cigarette girls, did all right too. But they had to bow to Marie as a super saleswoman.

Betty Hutton spent the evening doing at least two dozen things at once. She even worked the spotlight. She sparked the party, really. No wonder she was hoarse the next day. She well might have been exhausted too. So might Esther Williams. For both these girls and all those associated with them worked long and hard to make this party as fabulous as it turned out to be.

The formal Crystal Room at the Beverly Hills Hotel was transformed by the Paramount Studios, inspired by Betty, into a proper setting for square dancing and western hijinks. M-G-M, inspired by Esther, contributed the Chuck Wagon and the big straw figures of Esther and Betty.

The prizes for the waltz, square dance and Charleston contests were donated by the hotel and the Brown Derbies, among others. The tobacco companies supplied the cigarettes. And Henri Sadacca of the Noma Company donated the electronic dolls, dressed by the stars and their designers, which talk, laugh and sing.

Leave it to Betty and Esther to see that no expenses ate into the take.

Van Johnson and Ann Miller brought down the house with their Charleston. The Lloyd Nolans, Van Heflins and Henry Wilcoxons were sensational in a square dance. Tony Martin sang. Betty Hutton sang. Dinah Shore sang.

It takes a bit of doing, as I know well, to organize a party as big and pretentious as this and to see it through to the last infinitesimal detail. Not only does it take doing on the day of the party, but for weeks beforehand.

Elizabeth Taylor was there too, with the doll Helen Rose had dressed in replica of Elizabeth's wedding dress in "Father of the Bride." Liz's doll, which opened the auction, was bought by Mrs. Leonard Firestone. This, in spite of the fact that Nick Hilton, Elizabeth's husband, sentimentally determined to have this doll, had put up his check for $5,000 which, in the confusion, was forgotten.

Speaking of the Firestones, Red Skelton—trying to raise a bid of $1,900 for the Betty Hutton doll, dressed as Betty was dressed for the "Oh, Them Dudes" number in "Let's Dance," to $2,000—offered to stand on his ear for the higher bid. He got it, promptly, from Leonard Firestone. And he made good. Whereupon, Betty tried to stand on her ear, too. Only she fell down.

The Community Chest tea and fashion show followed the Whoop De Do party by only a few days. Mrs. Anthony Micheli, head chairman of this event, is unstinting in her praise of the way the members of the film colony worked.

The admission to this little affair at the home of the millionaire hotel man, Arnold Kirkeby, was trifling—*only one hundred dollars.* So the cream of the movie industry and Los Angeles society was there.

Among the committee members were many familiar names: Rosalind Russell, Mrs. Nelson Eddy, Ida R. Koverman, Ann Rutherford May, Doris Kenyon Mlynarski, Claire Windsor, Mary Pickford. Mary, an honorary committee member, worked ten times harder than an honorary member of anything is supposed to work. But Mary Pickford, bless her, never has assumed that an "Honorary" before your name was meant to let you off anything.

The Kirkeby home boasts an elevator which runs from the second floor to the subterranean pool. This the younger stars took turns running, calling out the floors . . .

Assisting at the tea tables with Mrs. Kirkeby were Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Joan Fontaine, Eleanor Powell, Esther Williams, June Allyson and Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette, about to embark upon a concert tour which took her, for the first time, to Carnegie Hall in New York, had a schedule jammed with singing lessons, practice and fittings. But it never occurred to her to use this as an excuse to be let off anything.

Eve Arden, commentator of the show, was a great success. But she never seemed to know it—so inordinately proud was she of her small daughter, Liza Bergen, who, with Carla Kirkeby, opened the show by scattering tiny red feathers down the long runway in the garden.

However, lest you get the idea that the stars are all efficiency, I will tell you that just before Elizabeth Taylor was to go out to model the Helen Rose dress of white organdy she discovered a run in her stocking. She couldn't sit down—the dress would wrinkle. And there wasn't time to take it off. So Phyllis Kirk and Audrey Totter held Elizabeth's dress high over her head while she shed her damaged stocking and donned another.

Practically all of the girls who modelled left some of their belongings behind. Mrs. Kirkeby was weeks discovering who belonged to what, including shoes, articles of lingerie, jewelry and purses.

However, this party, by which the Hollywood Community Chest is almost $8,000 richer, also was a great success.

So $15,000 for blue babies; $30,000 for Visually Handicapped Children; $8,000 for the Community Chest . . . Making a total of $53,000 raised in one community in one month for charities . . . Do you wonder that I smile or, more likely, scream aloud when I hear people say, as they do, too often, "Oh, that horrible Hollywood!"

That, if you ask me, is stupid nonsense.

THE END

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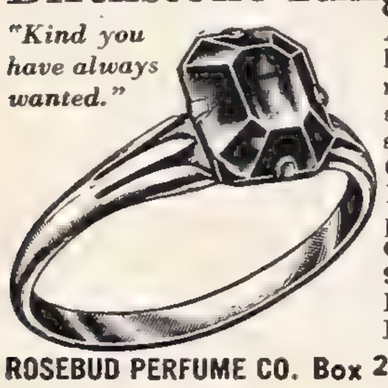

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Be Natural—or Dye

(*Continued from page* 31) Hollywood rage. With reason! For these newly perfected hair colorings mean no girl has to go through life with mousy hair! You can pep yourself up experimenting once in a while with rinse colors, for instance, just as you experiment with lipstick colors.

Of all these colorings, a dye lasts longest. But it is also more difficult to apply.

Joan Evans dyed her naturally very dark brown hair before she made "Roseanna McCoy." It was agreed that a reddish gold shade of hair would photograph more flatteringly. This dye job took about two weeks and Joan found she had to have a touch-up every four or five days. Now, she has gone back to her natural shade. But whether Samuel Goldwyn will let her stay dark is her current worry.

Linda Darnell dyed her hair, which is truly black, for "Forever Amber." She had to go to the Anne Meredith shop in Beverly Hills every single day for three solid weeks before she could go from black to the necessary blonde. And she had to have a touch-up job every two days. Never, Linda says, will she go to this hair extreme again.

In the experience of these two, however, there's a good lesson to any girl wanting to make any such radical change in appearance. To be faced squarely are the expenses of the original job as well as the cost and nuisance of the upkeep.

IT'S a rare blonde who wants to turn brunette. (Don't let Joan Bennett fool you. She didn't "dye" herself dark. She just started as a blonde in pictures—but with a bleach job. She really is brunette.) All the brunettes who want to go blonde, however, should ask themselves: Have I blonde skin? Pat Neal, for instance, for all her dark brown eyes and naturally dark brown hair, has very white skin. Therefore, she made a ravishing blonde. Right now, Pat has revolted against lightness—but it's my private hunch she'll be talked into being blonde again, because it really does give her personality more distinction. Jane Wyman remained blonde for a long time after she dyed for "The Yearling."

On the other hand, when Ruth Roman briefly tried being blonde she looked just terrible. That's because she has olive skin. So before you so much as make the beauty shop appointment, examine your skin tones. If there's a theatrical shop of any sort in your town, it would be smart to go there and try on wigs. These will give you an idea as to whether a white gold, red gold, or red red would be most becoming.

Next, if you don't know the dye and your particular beauty operator's work, take a dye allergy test. This is easy. Just put a drop of the dye on a patch of skin right behind either ear. Stick a bit of tape over it and wear it overnight. If your skin is blotched next morning, don't dye.

Take time to get the right dye job. If the change is radical, it will take several days, or even weeks. Don't rush it. Otherwise you'll just have a head of straw. Also, don't have it dyed in those few days of the month when you're not yourself.

Not too long ago, the subject of hair coloring was very hush-hush. On the market there were only henna and some quite bad dyes. But today the dyes have come under the ruling of the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, and unless a girl is allergic to some particular one or the other, they are perfectly harmless.

Tints, which are about half the strength of dyes, follow much the same rule as dyes except that they will only last two or three weeks, whereas dyes, if the color change isn't too radical, will last six or more. Tints are much safer for you to use at home. And here's a funny thing, tints take better on rather dirty hair. You wash your hair at the end, naturally, but don't shampoo one day and decide to tint the next. Tints are especially good for those who want to conceal a few gray locks. After all, there's no radical color change involved there.

For the mature, the best way for selecting a tint color is to choose one just one shade lighter than your natural hair used to be. In between tint jobs when a few gray hairs show along the temple line, you can, if you've dyed your hair a light or dark brown or a black, touch these hairs up with mascara. It won't last there any longer than it does on your lashes but it's a smart deceiver for day or evening.

Tints are mostly "intensifiers." Greer Garson's naturally red hair gets "intensified" with more red. Remember with tints or dyes that shampoos cut off the color. So don't shampoo too often. Also, in rinsing your shampoo, use lemon or vinegar to cut the soap. And be sure to use a shampoo made of soap, not detergent. There are many more detergent shampoos on the market than soap ones—but the labels have to tell you which is which.

The rinses are really fun. Liz Scott, a natural blonde, makes herself look ash blonde by a little blue tinting. Betty Hutton, with baby fine, almost white gold hair and perfectly natural, used a blue-gray rinse in "Dream Girl" to give her that dreamy effect. Joan Crawford suits her mood, her gown and usually her escort—and is sometimes dark-brown-haired, red-haired, golden-red-haired, all in the course of three or four days.

With a rinse you do need perfectly clean hair and the best rule is to have some of the rinse in the preliminary shampoo. After the shampoo, do a complete rinse job. Let your hair dry naturally, without using a towel (because the rinse will rub off on the towel). When your hair is almost dry, but not entirely so, set it.

Look at the effect. On a gloomy day, when you haven't got a date, to see that lively gloss on your hair, will probably pep you up as much as your facial make-up always does. The color will last till your next shampoo.

Also, for special occasions, some of the blonde stars powder gold dust in their hair. Shelley Winters, for instance. She buys a bottle of gold dust at an artists' supply store (it costs about twenty-five cents an ounce) and simply powders it on. Only take warning. If you try it, cover up your face as nearly as you can. (A Hallowe'en mask, if you have one, is a fine idea.) The gold dust, you see, will float down on everything—your clothes, your room. So wrap up, cover up and preferably do your gold-dusting in the bathroom. But the effect, if you are a blonde by nature or peroxide, is slightly out of this world.

So wash that glamour right into your hair and send the doldrums on their way.

THE END

"NO LOVE LOST"
Sheilah Graham's gay expose of the fussin' and feudin' that goes on in Hollywood
In the February issue on sale January 10

The Forrest Party Plan

(*Continued from page* 52) tray and went the rounds of the little end tables and card tables that Sally had set up. For the buffet table, Sally used a lovely cloth from her hope chest. And Mrs. Frank. Milo's mother, contributed her Spode Lazy Susan for a serviceable and attractive centerpiece.

Sally's guests included Robert Clarke. Bob Patten and Coleen Gray, Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Rush and Rock Hudson. Rock was held up at the studio, so Sally fixed his plate and placed it in the oven until he arrived.

A practical girl, Sally, as well as a good hostess. To make sure her menu was balanced, she checked her guests the day before the party with suggestions as to what each should bring.

"Once my mother didn't do this," she remembers, "and practically everyone brought some form of macaroni or spaghetti."

SALLY'S contributions to the menu were those it would have been difficult for her guests to transport: Salad (which must stay crisp in the refrigerator); hot biscuits, which had to be made at the last minute, and a wonderful strawberry Boston cream pie. Barbara brought string beans mixed with okra and tomatoes, Coleen contributed a veal goulash with macaroni. Sally, too, provided the coffee, and relishes of olives, pickles, tiny tomatoes and baby beets. Everyone came back for seconds and thirds. One of the nice things about a buffet is that guests feel they're flattering the hostess, rather than being piggish, if they return for more.

After dinner, everyone helped to clear up the tables and stack the dishes which Sally left for the cleaning girl who was due the next morning. Then the games were on, among them one that was a real laugh-riot!

Sally had ransacked her closets for old hats and trimmings and had asked her friends to do the same. Everything was taken apart and put in piles. Sally offered a prize for the best hat made by a man—and another prize for the best made by one of the girls. Quicker than you could say "Walter Florell" the boys were at work and simply loving it. They used the girls as models and there were occasional howls when one of the men used a pin like a nail. Milo, who did a dream thing for Coleen Gray, won first prize.

When the would-be milliners put their trimmings away, Coleen volunteered to tell fortunes. A palmist she had met when she was in England recently had taught her some of the tricks of the trade. For Sally and Milo she saw a long and happy life. Not that she had to be a seer for that—the love these two have for each other is written all over their faces.

While Coleen was telling fortunes, Bob told an amusing story about his stretch behind a soda fountain. One of his pictures was playing in a theater across the street. After the show a couple of teenagers came in for a snack. When they saw Bob, one of them did a double-take. "Gee," she said, "You look just like the boy in the picture across the street."

"I am," answered Bob.

"How come?" she wanted to know.

"I'm old-fashioned," Bob told her. "I like to eat."

It's good to see the young crowd of Hollywood these days. They have their feet firmly on the ground. They look at movies as a business at which they intend to work hard. And, generally speaking, they live within their financial means and plan ahead.

As Sally's party proved—you can do all this—and still have lots of fun!

Sally Forrest is in "Excuse My Dust," Barbara Rush is in "The Goldbergs," Robert Clarke is in "Mother of a Champion," Rock Hudson is in "The Fat Man," Robert Patten is in "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Jeffrey Hunter is in "14 Hours," Coleen Gray is in "Apache Drums."

Here are the recipes for the food at the party:

VEAL GOULASH
(Makes 6 servings)

Cut into 1-inch cubes: 2 pounds solid veal
Melt in skillet: 4 tablespoons butter or margarine
Add veal, with:
1 cup sliced mushrooms
2 medium onions, peeled and sliced
and cook until onions are yellow and veal is very lightly browned, on all sides.
Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons flour. Blend well.
Add: 1 cup water
1 cup white wine
1 small can tomato paste
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons paprika
Cover and simmer over very low heat at least 1 hour until meat is tender. Add more water, if needed.
When ready to serve, add: 1 cup sour cream, more salt, if necessary, and reheat. Serve surrounded by cooked, broad spaghetti or noodles.

STRING BEANS WITH OKRA AND TOMATOES
(Makes 6 servings)

Trim ends and slice thin:
12 large okra pods
Melt in skillet: 4 tablespoons butter or margarine; add okra and 1 medium onion, minced.
Saute over low heat about 3 minutes.
Slice in 1-inch pieces: 1 pound string beans and add to okra.
Add: 3 large tomatoes, peeled and sliced or 2 cups canned tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
Cover, and cook over low heat 15 to 20 minutes until string beans are tender.
Add: ½ teaspoon sweet basil
¼ teaspoon oregano
2 tablespoons minced parsley
Taste and add more salt, if needed.

STRAWBERRY PIE
(Makes 6 to 8 servings)

Beat until frothy:
4 egg whites
Add: ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
Add gradually: ¾ cup sugar
Continue beating until stiff. Line bottom and sides of 9-inch ungreased pie pan, heaping meringue around edge but keeping flat in center. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) about 1 hour. Cool and, just before serving, fill with following mixture:
Wash 1½ pints strawberries
Hull and slice: 1 pint strawberries
Sprinkle with ¼ cup sugar
Whip 2 cups heavy cream
Fold in hulled, sliced, sweetened strawberries and:
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ teaspoon almond extract
Pile in cooled meringue shell.
Garnish with: ½ pint unhulled strawberries.

THE END

Don't be HALF-SAFE

by VALDA SHERMAN

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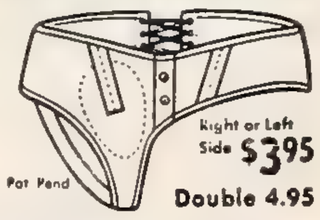

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The Truth About Ava

(*Continued from page* 26) So naturally she responded to him when they met at Palm Springs, a short time after he and Nancy had separated. And Ava's response, incidentally, is never likely to be half-hearted.

It's in her nature to cry at sad songs and movies and she is capable of appreciating, without necessarily understanding, the beauty in a line of verse. She has the kind of emotional sincerity that can be a hazard to a woman. And the fact that Frank was willing to jeopardize his career to be with her promptly increased her regard for him.

FOR Frank the situation is as resolved as it can be. He's still legally married to Nancy even though their break seems permanent. Nancy has had her settlement; one-third of Frank's income to support herself and the three children and a property settlement which includes the Holmby Hills house and its furnishings. Frank did not contest her suit. He remained silent in New York where he will stay through the winter, occupied with radio and television programs, until he makes a picture in Europe. He is, in fact, now furnishing the six-room apartment he has leased on Park Avenue. In every sense he gives the impression of a man attempting to close the door on one chapter of his life and direct all his energies into a new channel.

But what about Ava? Always her emotions seem to lead her into trouble? Will this love, as some of the flintier tongues are saying, cause a lapse in her popularity? For a time it was thought this romance might even cost her the most glamorous role of her career, the plum role of *Julie*, the bewitching heroine of "Showboat." But her test in Technicolor was so excitingly beautiful that Metro was not long in deciding that she—and no one else—was the girl for this part.

All the world loves a pair of lovers—until they are involved as two sides in a triangle that affects children and causes a broken home. And the open manner in which Frank and Ava chose to demonstrate their affection in Hollywood, Spain, Paris, New York and London certainly cost them sympathy.

However, contrary to the many scolding suspicions which have been printed by movie columnists, Ava was *not* responsible for the break-up of the Sinatra marriage. The domestic difficulties of Frank and Nancy had been going on for years and their decision to separate was an open secret long before Ava ever accepted Frank's attentions.

In fact during all of the years that Ava has been in Hollywood she has made an ironclad rule against romantic entanglements with married men. Frank became the first exception to this rule when he made it plain to her that he and Nancy were through.

So far, except for the times when Ava has been with Frank, it would not seem that this romance has brought her happiness. She and her sister, Beatrice, who lived with her and traveled with her in Europe, have quarreled repeatedly. And, in the last year, Ava, who never had very many close friends, has drawn her circle even closer.

During her last sojourn in Hollywood she lived, following the sale of her house in Nicholas Canyon, at Malibu with the Rosenthals, her attorney and his wife. And she went nowhere, except when she dressed up for a party honoring Dore Schary, Metro's production chief. And this, in a sense, of course, was a command performance.

Those who know Ava best insist she hasn't been really happy for a long, long time.

Eight years ago, married to Mickey Rooney, she became insecure because she was expected at all times to be a glamorous clothes horse. And certainly her marriage to Artie Shaw did not help. She developed such an inferiority complex when Artie, overnight, tried to convert her into a wit and a sophisticate by handing her weighty books to read that she subsequently found it necessary to seek the help of a psychiatrist.

Artie, it is rumored, convinced Ava she never would be happy until she found another man just like him. And Howard Duff wasn't such a man. Howard loved Ava enough to put up with her moods and her didoes. He even loved her enough to let her know he was completely overboard about her. But Ava never felt that way about Howard.

Actually Ava's beauty—even greater than it appears on the screen—has been as much of a handicap as it has been an asset. Were she less striking in face and figure she might very well not be the mixed-up girl she gives every appearance of being.

WHICH brings us right back to her romance with Frank. He finds her attractive, undoubtedly. You have only to see them together to know this. But he comes to her with a great need for companionship. And since it's most unlikely that he ever will allow her to get the upper hand, he may well hold her interest. After all, Frank made his impact on American womanhood because he sang a song as though he were singing it to each woman individually. Ava can understand that kind of music.

Since Ava returned to Hollywood the word has been circulated that her romance with Frank is a thing of the past, that when they met in New York City—dined at the 21 Club, danced at the Copacabana and went together to ball games and fights—they decided that it would be best to curb their emotions until Frank's marital status offered some hope for their future. The chances of his being free to remarry, however, are almost zero. Nancy, a devout Catholic, is unlikely ever to consent to a divorce.

Most of this winter, at least while Ava is working in "Showboat," they will have a continent separating them and lending objectivity to their thoughts of one another. Perhaps with the coming of spring each of them will have an entirely different outlook on the romance which intrigued the nation.

In the meantime Ava will not talk about Frank to the press. Thus far she has been most reluctant to talk even to her closest friends. One columnist who managed to corner her at a small party got the tortured answer, "I can't say I'm in love with Frank when he's not divorced. He's a great person, but . . . oh, what's the use?"

It's likely in her relationship with Frank that Ava Gardner, were she not a famous woman, might find a deep and satisfying security.

But unfortunately the spotlight will continue to focus on them—until she makes the decision that turns it off. And this will be a choice that will influence her entire future—both as a woman and as one of the brightest new personalities of the screen.

THE END

(*Continued from page* 22) bundle. Just as he is starting his new life of respectability his dark past rolls in.

Your Reviewer Says: One for the ladies.

Program Notes: *This film was made by RKO at least three years ago as "Weep No More" and has had a few title changes since. Dore Schary's name is on the screen as the production chief. Mr. Schary moved over to M-G-M in 1948 when Howard Hughes became the top boss man at RKO. Why Mr. Hughes has held the film up so long no one knows.*

✓ (F) The Miniver Story (M-G-M)

THIS sequel to the popular "Mrs. Miniver," winner of the Academy Award for 1942, brings back to the screen the strangely endearing *Miniver* family. Made in post-war England, against a background of peace and present-day problems, it dwells for the most part on the love and warmth of family life. Once again red-headed Greer Garson plays lovely, humorous *Kay Miniver*, and Walter Pidgeon her likable husband. Cathy O'Donnell portrays *Judy Miniver*, a grown-up young lady of nineteen whose love affair with a much older man (Leo Genn) provides quite a serious problem for her mother. John Hodiak is cast as an American Air Force colonel. Henry Wilcoxon recreates the character of the beloved *Vicar*. Completely missing from the line-up is Richard Ney who played Greer's son—and whom she later married and divorced. Sequels, unfortunately, have a way of not quite coming off.

Your Reviewer Says: A woman's picture.

Program Notes: *This repeat performance of* Mrs. Miniver *interrupted Greer Garson's honeymoon with her third husband, Colonel E. E. (Buddy) Fogelson, Texas oil tycoon. While in London, Greer read a British newspaper which ran three lines of verse and asked the readers to submit an additional two lines. This she did. The newspaper's three lines were "Woman's man's chief worrier; If it isn't the furrier, it's sure the couturier." Greer added, "Or even crueler, It's the jeweler" . . . Cathy O'Donnell, young, pretty, talented, was one of producer Sam Goldwyn's special pets until she up and married Director William Wyler's brother, a man old enough to be her father. In a huff Goldwyn dropped her, and signed Joan Evans to take her place on the contract list.*

✓½ (A) September Affair (Wallis-Paramount)

WHILE Joan Fontaine, concert pianist, and Joseph Cotten, New York engineer estranged from his wife, are enjoying a romantic interlude in Italy, the airliner which is to fly them back to America leaves Naples without them and crashes into the sea. They are reported dead. The lovers decide to start a new life together in Italy, and they set up housekeeping in a villa in Florence, despite the warnings of Madame Francoise Rosay, Joan's piano teacher and close friend. After an idyllic love affair, their past catches up with them, of course. Jessica Tandy and young Robert Arthur play Joe's wife and son—who has a hunch his father is alive. Jimmy Lydon has a stand-out scene as a homesick G.I. As the story is unfolded against the historical backdrops of Rome, Florence, Naples, Pompeii and Capri, photographed under the beauty-loving eye of Director William Dieterle, it makes for a very handsome travelogue indeed.

Your Reviewer Says: *Beaucoup femme* appeal.

Program Notes: *In spite of her beautiful figure, Joan is an avid gourmet when it comes to the culinary arts, and 'tis said in the Italian restaurants that no American ever dined on antipasto, and spaghetti more heartily than Joan . . . The late Walter Huston introduced "September Song" in his Broadway show "Knickerbocker Holiday." He made a recording of it while he was working on his last picture "The Furies" and Producer Hal Wallis has made it a musical highlight of "September Affair" . . . Francoise Rosay, a French actress, was last seen in this country in the British film "Quartet" in which she played a concert pianist . . Jessica Tandy, darling of the New York theater after her sensational performance in "A Streetcar Named Desire" (she was not considered "right" for the part when it was filmed by Warner Brothers, with Vivien Leigh), makes her first screen appearance in several years . . . Robert Arthur, a former radio announcer from Aberdeen, Washington, made his first hit in Hollywood as one of the young romantic leads in "The Green Grass of Wyoming."*

✓✓ (F) Breakthrough (Warners)

MADE with the approval and cooperation of the Army and Navy, this dramatic war film tells the story of the experiences of a group of officers and men involved in that final push to victory by the Americans in France in World War II. Much of the action is centered around the famed "battle of the hedgerows." David Brian plays a hard-bitten commanding officer who seems to enjoy picking on a young lieutenant fresh from the States, a part played by John Agar. Also in the group are Frank Lovejoy as a battle-wise veteran, William Campbell, Paul Picerni, Greg McClure. Suzanne Dalbert figures slightly in the story as the daughter of the local mayor.

Your Reviewer Says: Warners' answer to Metro's "Battleground."

Program Notes: *David Brian had a hard time doing his "crying" scene. "I haven't cried since I was a kid," he said, "but I make up for it in this scene." David's bride, Adrian Booth, is one of the politically minded women of Hollywood. She went campaigning for Richard Nixon all over the place. In spite of the fact that David is a Democrat and Adrian a Republican, their domestic arguments, of which they have many, are not political. They agree on Americanism against Communism . . . Suzanne Dalbert is a petite Parisienne who has appeared in a number of French films . . . This is Frank Lovejoy's first film under his Warner contract. He was signed after his brilliant work in "Three Secrets" . . . Since his marital break-up with Shirley Temple, young John Agar has been playing the field—and there are many beautiful dolls in the field in Hollywood.*

Best Pictures of the Month

"Harvey"

"State Secret"

Best Performances of the Month

Herbert Lom and Glynis Johns in "State Secret"

Frank Lovejoy in "The Sound of Fury"

Greer Garson in "The Miniver Story"

James Stewart and Josephine Hull in "Harvey"

Mercedes McCambridge and Emlyn Williams in "The Scarf"

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(*Continued from page* 50) was a glazed chintz bearing a pink carnation design with green leaves and touches of blue on a white ground. The pink and blue matched the dressing-gown to perfection, and so the room scheme was set. However, they featured the green and sublimated the blue, feeling that the blue in large quantities might be too overpowering to live with.

This same idea can apply to anyone choosing colors for a room. A home should be as becoming to the owner as are her clothes. So when you decorate, choose a favorite dress and let its color guide you to a flattering room scheme.

"But," you may say at this point, "What about this apartment business? How can a room be an apartment?"

Well, Barbara's room is large and the furniture is arranged so that the bed is the least conspicuous item. In fact it's tucked away in a corner, and its white spread blends with the white wool shag carpeting. Next to it is a simple, modern night stand of *prima vera* (light-finished mahogany) and, contrasting sharply, an exquisite lamp with a delicate figurine base which is topped with a white nylon shade.

For the rest, her room has a complete living-room quality. An attractive love-seat, wearing a pink tweed cover, faces the door, and there's a handsome, modern, *prima vera* desk at the left, against the wall. Above the desk a plain mirror hangs, giving depth to the room. Lest the effect become too severe and tailored, a couple of cherubim, Italian plaques, over the love-seat, add a note of whimsey, and the white, pink and gold lamp on the *prima vera* end-table is distinctly feminine. Since Barbara obviously doesn't use her room for entertaining, she doesn't need a lot of seating space; consequently a big, round, natural leather ottoman, plus a couple of nubby textured, green side chairs are adequate when a few of the "gals" come to hash over life's complications.

A bank of windows circles the corner. Barbara put a minimum of furniture here so that the gay draperies can be pulled back easily to admit light and air. A modern tier table occupies the corner, flanked by one of the side chairs.

Furniture arrangement can make all the difference between an attractive and an unattractive room, and if Barbara had transposed the bed and the love-seat, or placed either of them in front of the draperies, the decorative effect of the room would have been lost. When you use logic and common sense in arranging your furniture, you're on the way to a well-decorated room. Put massive pieces in front of large wall spaces, and balance them with another important piece on the other side of the room, or with a large grouping of smaller pieces.

EVERY room should have a focal point, and in most living rooms it's the fireplace. But where there is no fireplace, one grouping should be the most important, so that your eye automatically travels to it first and then returns, rather than feeling torn between several groups vying for attention. In Barbara's room, the love-seat's the focal point, because it occupies the most prominent position in the room, and because it's given extra emphasis by the end-table, the lamp and the white cherubim.

Another thing: Barbara's room has the feeling of an apartment because it is divided into several sections, not by partitions, but by furniture placement. The bed in the corner takes care of sleeping; the love-seat and ottoman in the center are the living-room section; and the desk at the left is the work or study area.

The whole room is tied together through the colors set by the chintz draperies: the pink carnations with green leaves and touches of hyacinth blue on white ground, the pink repeated in the tweed love seat, the white in the wool shag carpeting and textured bedspread, with everything enhanced by the green walls and ceiling. And an extra feeling of richness is gained with the green velvet cornice, the pink tweed piping.

But so far, we haven't even mentioned that all-important item in a young girl's life, her dressing table. This isn't part of the room. It's in a corner of what could be a large closet. Barbara used this as a very handy dressing room, because another adjacent room houses her clothes and also serves as a sewing room. It's long and narrow, tucked under the eaves of the house, with wardrobes lining one wall, a studio couch opposite, and a sewing machine at the end under the windows. Here, in front of the full-length mirror, Barbara can try on several costumes in order to get just the right one, and the sewing machine's handy for minor repairs.

She is right down to earth in regard to this part of her domain, with no fuss or frills to complicate the dressing routine. She knows that at some time in the future she'll put a skirt on the dressing table, but right now it serves well as is.

For her entertaining, Barbara depends upon the playroom downstairs. Formal parties or teas don't interest her, but the playroom's just right for a whale of a good time. Its decorative theme is Hawaiian, since the islands are a prime favorite with Barbara, and she brought back quite a few souvenirs, fancy hats, *leis*, and the like, with which to decorate the play room. Tapa cloth hangs at the windows for draperies, and the furniture's made of rattan. The floor's waxed for dancing, and there's a radio phonograph. Comes any excuse for a party—someone arriving, someone leaving, a holiday—and the whole group's there, ready for fun.

There were several reasons for featuring green in Barbara's room. It becomes her, it's restful and it combines well with the other two wanted colors, pink and hyacinth blue. But another reason is that green is used extensively elsewhere in the house.

Whenever you plan colors for a room, consider it in relation to adjoining rooms. A complete change, say, red in one room, green in another and blue in a third, is too violent a contrast and tends to chop up a house, no matter what its size. Whereas repeating the same colors throughout, getting variation through different proportions or different accent colors, gives a home smoothness and a feeling of tranquillity. In Barbara's home, green is the dominant color throughout.

In the living room it's combined with lime green, lemon yellow and brown, and the green walls and ceiling are rather lighter than the green in Barbara's room. The lime green velvet couches that flank the fireplace blend into the lemon yellow carpeting, and the brown's apparent in the bamboo-patterned draperies, with the same fabric used on the love seat. Some occasional pieces with a satin black finish have a Far Eastern feeling in the design.

The lemon yellow carpeting covers the floors in all of the rooms but Barbara's, and helps make the entire house one decorative unit. The entrance hall ties in with its green-patterned wallpaper, and the dining room offers variation through brown wainscoting. However, the dining chairs repeat lemon yellow, and the draperies in this room include chartreuse in their coloring. The trend here too is slightly Eastern, thanks to the smart wallpaper that combines pink, beige and brown in a floral design. But a mahogany table with mirrored legs adds a modern touch.

The exterior of Barbara's home is every bit as charming as the interior. The house is located on a corner in Westwood, near U.C.L.A. It's framed by a white rail fence, and a brick path edged with rose trees leads to the front door. The style, a modified Monterey, characterized by the overhanging balcony across the front, combines stucco and brick, painted white. Pink shutters provide color, aided by pink geraniums in yellow pots. It's restrained and altogether charming. You just know that nice people live here.

THE END

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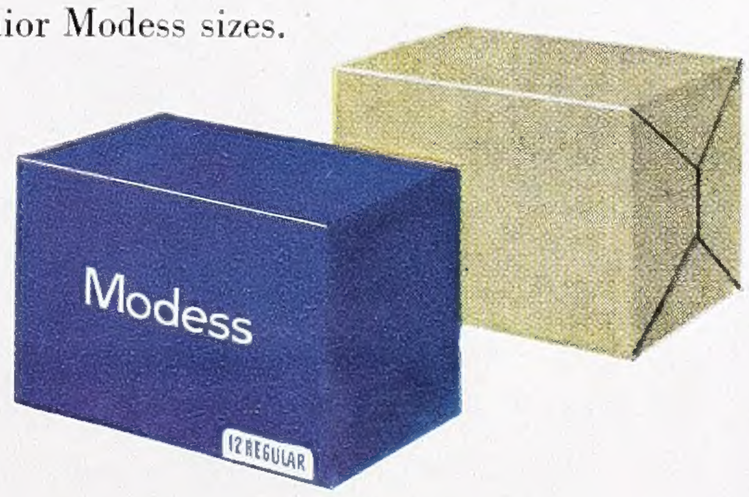

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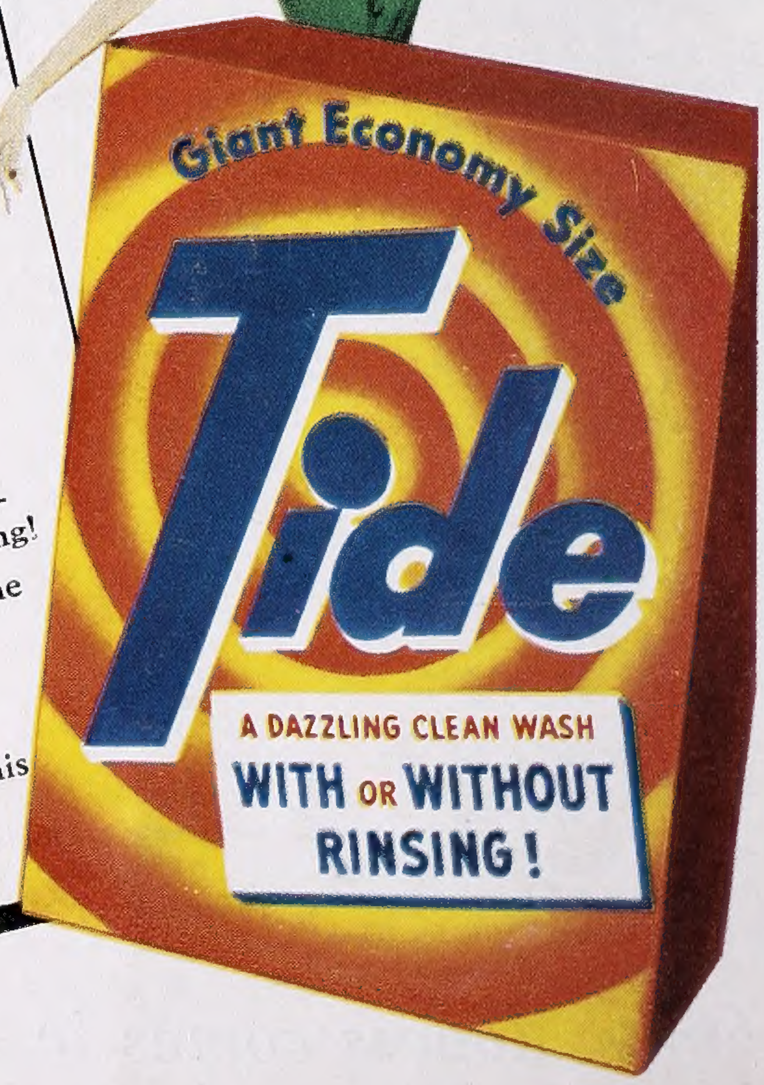

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